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Contents

The Week 1

Editorials

Liberalism Today 3
Deficit or Surtaxes 6
Adult Education 7

General Articles

Bankers and Tankers ..... LaRue Brown 9
Christians, Beware! ..... Herbert Croly 12
Sonnet ..... Margaret Larkin 14
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 15
After the Game ..... Edmund Wilson 16
Hamlet in Modern Dress ..... Stark Young 17
The Emergence of a Past ..... Lewis Mumford 18

Correspondence 20

Reviews of Books

Why an Ambassador? ..... Robert Morss Lovett 21
Tough Earth ..... Paul Rosenfeld 22
Metaphysical Music ..... Louis Untermeyer 23
The World of the Incas ..... Stuart Chase 23
New Physics and Old Politics ..... Lyman Bryson 24
Page the Law of Averages ..... Alexander Fried 24
English Comic Characters ..... D. B. W. 25

The Week

THERE is great rejoicing in Italy over the settlement of the Italian war debt to this country, and no wonder. The terms are quite extraordinarily favorable—much more favorable in reality than they appear to be on paper. It is estimated that the annuities which are stipulated in the arrangement have a cash value of a little over $500,000,000—that is about twenty-five percent of the nominal total of the debt. This percentage compares with forty exacted from Belgium and seventy-six from England. But the calculation should be carried further. The annuities are small during the early part of the period of sixty-two years, and do not become onerous until after 1955. Throughout the first thirty years Italy never pays more than $26,500,000 a year and the average is less than half that sum. The present value of these payments for the first thirty years is less than $200,000,000. Yet to our mind it is inconceivable that Italy will ever pay the larger annuities which are called for by the schedule of the second thirty years. Or if inconceivable is too big a word, it is at least profoundly doubtful. The expectation that Italy will meet the terms of the arrangement for an interval longer than about twenty-five years is based upon assumptions about the future stability of that country and the willingness of a future generation to assume the larger share of the obligations of 1918 which are almost certainly false.

THE probabilities are that what the United States will actually get in return for the money loaned to Italy during the war will be somewhere between five and twenty million dollars a year for twenty years or more. The difference between this sum and the interest and sinking fund on a debt of $2,000,000,000, which will amount to at least $75,000,000 a year, will represent the cost to the American people of the privilege of helping Italy to annex the north and south slopes of the Alps and Trieste and its neighborhood. It is a great deal of money to pay for a transfer of the political allegiance to Italy of so many non-Italian people. The price was no doubt necessary, for, of course, the Italian army prevented a great many Austria-Hungarian troops from fighting on the west front, but in looking back upon the whole incident, it cannot be called a triumph of American statesmanship. If it were necessary and if necessities of this kind are involved in the interference by the United States in European political quarrels, Europeans cannot reasonably blame those Americans who think that in the future it will be well to look sharp before the government sends any more crusading dollars to Europe.

NOW that the Italians have been so successful in scaling down their debt it is probable that the French government will send another commission and that a "settlement" will be reached with France which will involve somewhere near the same percentage of loss to the American tax-payer. Concessions which have been granted to Italy can scarcely be refused to France. These settlements are, of course, purely political. The Italian commission came to this country with instructions to get the best terms they could, but to sign any document which they had to sign. It was necessary for Signor Mussolini to have the Italian debt to this country written off in order to strengthen his own position in Italy, and our government was willing to accom-

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modate him. Having disposed at such slight immediate expense of American claims against Italy, he can deal more generously with the domestic creditors of the Italian government than he otherwise could, and he can fortify himself by borrowing money in this country for "improvements" — the chief improvement being the improved credit of his own government. But if the United States is willing to make it easy for the Italian dictator, it should be still more willing to ease the difficulties of the republican constitutional government of France. It is really of grave importance to this country that a constitutional republic should survive in France, whereas, nothwithsanding the favor with which Mr. Gary and his kind regard the Fascist dictatorship, we cannot consider it an important object of American policy to strengthen the position of Signor Mussolini in Italy.

WE trust, however, that when the French commission returns, Americans will not allow themselves to be fooled by the phrase "capacity to pay." It was possible to mobilize and after a fashion to estimate Germany's "capacity to pay," because France and England were in a position to force the German people to wipe out their domestic debt and pay the theoretical maximum to their foreign creditors. But with Italy and France it is much more a question of willingness than of capacity to pay. If they were willing to sacrifice their domestic creditors, they could pay a much large percentage of their debt to this country than the Italian agreement calls for. But they have a far stronger motive to pay what they can to their own people than they have to America; and they have gradually manœuvered the American nation into a state of mind which reconciles them to any loss rather than prolong the ignoble controversy. But the Italian annuities are not determined by Italian "capacity to pay." It is absurd to pretend that the Italians are able to pay only $5,000,000 a year at present and $80,000,000 a year at the end of sixty-two years. The settlement means merely that the Italian creditors of the Italian government will be much better treated than the foreign creditors during the life of the present generation. As for the future, who can doubt that Mussolini's successors will be as successful as he has been in capitalizing their incapacity to pay? So it will be with the French. What they are able to pay is necessarily an unknown quantity. It depends in part upon the fraction of their resources which they are willing to take away from their domestic creditors. But they are actually willing to pay not much more than the Italians, and Americans with common sense will accept their decision as final. The war debts were a monstrous economic abnormality, and their payment in any considerable part placed an enormous strain upon the financial rectitude of the debtors. The British were the only major nation which was willing to make heavy sacrifices in order to settle.

NATIONALIST opposition in Germany to the acceptance of the Locarno agreements seems to be fading away, and it is now probable that they will be ratified without any appeal to the German people. This is probably the better course, assuming that no important party unanimously opposes signature. It looks as if ratification by the Reichstag will be equivalent to the most solemn national confirmation of the bargain. It is a bitter dose for the old German ruling class to swallow, but there is nothing else for them to do. A disarmed Germany must in her own interest seek to create a disarmed, pacific and united Europe. The Locarno agreements are the product of German initiative, and after they are signed they will offer Germany the opportunity of placing herself at the head of the growing movement towards complete European pacification. Chancellor Luther has indicated by his speeches that he perceives this opportunity clearly. The initiative in European politics will now pass from France to Germany. France will be fighting on the defensive to preserve as much as she can of the fruits of Versailles. Germany will be conducting an aggressive campaign in favor of her own emancipation by means of European economic and political reconstruction—a campaign in which she may well become the spokesman of united Europe against the egotistic particularism of the more privileged nations.

NEW ENGLAND took account of itself industrially in a conference held at Worcester on November 13, which was attended by 1,000 delegates, representing, as the Times admiringly says, "$5,000,000,000 of agricultural, industrial and commercial income annually." The recognition of the fact that New England is slipping was frankly recognized. The chief cause of the decline asserted was the ownership of many industrial enterprises by estates, the consequent conservatism and rigidity of management, and the failure to adapt operations to the changing demands of the public. One cause and symptom alike of the state of New England everybody, including Mr. Hoover, was too polite to mention. That is the demoralization in business habits of which we print in this issue of the New Republic a ghastly example. In this case as in the more famous Willett case we have leading lawyers and bankers entering a conspiracy to defraud. It is for the public to put an end to these things by putting an end to the men and institutions responsible for them. Their names are known, and their conduct is a matter of record. Years ago, President Hadley of Yale suggested as appropriate punishment for persons then known as "malefactors of great wealth" the social boycott. If New England, or its investing public, really cared about what was happening to it, it would flatly refuse to have business dealings with exposed participants in fraud, or with the firms or institutions of which they are members.

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THE textile interests of Massachusetts have a remedy of their own for the economic ills of New England. It is neither bringing their technical operations up to date, nor kicking out the rascals. It is deflating labor. After reducing wages pretty generally by ten percent in the last year they now propose to lengthen the working week from forty-eight to fifty-four hours a week for men and women alike. The argument is that in other states the working week is from fifty-four to sixty hours, while Alabama has no limit whatever. Ward Thoron, President of the Arkwright Club, puts the case neatly.

> The industry can only exist by approximating the operating conditions of its competitors. The wage cost here must be brought into some decent relation to the wage cost elsewhere and this can only be done by raising our competitors' or lowering our own.

Which means that in the absence of economic unity through federal legislation the standard of living in the textile industry and in other industries, and ultimately the economic basis of industrial civilization in the United States will be established by the most backward part of the country.

THE loss of the British submarine M-1 with sixty-eight men has been made the occasion for a new demand for the abolition of the undersea boat as a naval weapon. The cry given by Lady Astor has been promptly taken up by Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Parmoor and Lord Sydenham. It is recognized that such action can be had only by international agreement. The ineffectiveness of the proposal by Great Britain is due to the fact that such action is markedly in favor of her status as a great power. She sought an agreement at the Washington Conference which was vetoed by France, whose submarines can cut the jugular vein of the British Empire in the Mediterranean. Now Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy makes the natural suggestion that since Great Britain is guaranteeing the security of the frontiers of France on land, France should give equal assurance to England in regard to her sea routes.

THE Conference at Peking in regard to the granting of customs autonomy to China is making some progress. The American delegation proposed a new treaty, granting the principle of China's tariff autonomy, and permitting China, as an interim measure, to enforce a new and uniform schedule of duties between five and twelve and a half percent on imports and seven and a half percent on exports. This was too generous, and the proposal of the British delegation was adopted, granting immediately the advance in duties provided by the Washington Conference (two and a half percent and five percent on luxuries) and postponing the discussion of full tariff autonomy to a later date. In accepting this proposal the Chinese representatives through C. T. Wang, served notice on the powers, in language described as truculent, that China is a sovereign state and must soon be treated as such. The powers complain of the weakness of the Peking government. It is a humiliation which no government on earth could long survive to be obliged to discuss with other nations, all of which have proved at one time or another to be enemies within its gates, such matters of its own intimate internal concern as the height of its tariff wall.

THE German property seized by the United States at the outbreak of the War seems to have attached to it the curse of the stolen Rhinegold. After the sale of the German patents for a ridiculous sum to the Chemical Foundation, we have the indictment of Custodian Thomas W. Miller for a suspicious transaction with the American Metals Company. It is no wonder the administration is anxious to get rid of this source of temptation and scandal. The German property is being held to guarantee the claims of Americans against the German government. As the New Republic has frequently pointed out, the case for the retention of private property for that purpose is as meretricious as was the pretext for its seizure in the first place. The administration is reported to be considering the guaranteeing of bonds to be issued by Germany to the amount of $300,000,000 to discharge the claims of American citizens and release German property to be restored to its owners. There is ground for fear that neither this plan nor any other will be popular enough to interest anyone except Senator Borah; and that the final scandal in connection with the alien property will be the greatest of all—the conversion of a war-time seizure into permanent theft.

Liberalism Today

LIBERALISM occupies an ambiguous and paradoxical position in the world of today. Never in the last fifty years have groups which called themselves liberal been less responsible for the conduct of government than they are at present. They are excluded from power almost everywhere in Europe and America. Yet rarely if ever have liberal methods and programs been as influential in the framing of governmental policies as they now are. The almost complete annihilation of liberalism as an organized political force is accompanied by its increased vitality as a political and social idea. What is the meaning of this paradox?

Perhaps we can shed some light on the answer by considering for a moment how far and in what sense it is true. The several large European countries are governed by parties which call themselves by many different names, but with one exception all of them are consciously opposed to liberalism. In Russia the revolutionary Communists are as vindictively hostile to any symptom of a liberal revival

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as they would be to a Tsarist counter-revolutionary conspiracy. Their government is dogmatically and essentially illiberal. In Germany the reformist socialist parties who assumed power at the time of the Armistice have gradually lost popular confidence and been superseded by a more nationalistic bloc, composed of groups derived from the old governing classes, which are at heart monarchist, authoritarian and plutocratic. In Italy the Fascist dictator is as violently hostile to liberalism as he is to revolutionary socialism. In Great Britain the Conservative party disposes of an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons. If it has any opposition to fear, it will not come from liberals who have to spend so much of their intellectual energy in explaining why liberalism must survive in the form of a political party. In France a liberal bloc is supposed to control the government, but in reality the government dominates the progressive bloc and the bloc itself represents economic classes in France roughly analogous to those which support the Luther government in Germany and the Baldwin government in England. As for the United States, the prospect for the exercise of political power by groups who call themselves liberal or progressive rather than Democratic or Republican is less promising at present than at any time since Bryan and Roosevelt raised the banner of progressivism in national politics.

The point is, however, that with significant exceptions these governments, although they represent the conservative classes in the community, are actually pursuing policies which would before the War have been considered explicitly liberal. In Germany, for instance, the Luther cabinet is seeking national security and international comity by a route which should be enough to make the uneasy ghost of Bismarck haunt the habitations of his successors. In France the irreconcilable nationalism of M. Poincaré, which was the one clear surviving echo of the war politics, has been discarded with apparent finality by the Republican groups, and France under the pressure of grievous difficulties is feeling her way toward a radically reconstructive financial and social program the object of which is none the less profoundly conservative. In Great Britain a Tory government is pursuing policies at least as liberal as those of the pre-war Asquith government. Even in the United States there are symptoms that progressivism will survive as an influence even through its representatives are for the present annihilated as competitors for political power. The Republicans under Mr. Coolidge's leadership are, it is true, more thoroughly plutocratic and complacent than any ruling group since the pre-Roosevelt Republicans, but apart from their program of tax reform they are not aggressive or reactionary in their conservatism. They are even beginning to be mildly interested in some constructive economic legislation. Like the British Tories, but within much narrower limits, the Republicans are coming to recognize that experiments in progressivism which they formerly opposed have become part of a system which intelligent conservatives must try to preserve and eventually to develop.

It is only countries with revolutionary governments, like Russia and Italy, in which liberalism has ceased positively to count, and these are the countries, it should be remarked, in which conservatism is almost as negligible as liberalism. Italy and Russia are at present the victims of organized official violence, and they are lessons in its dangers and penalties to other countries which still enjoy the advantages of constitutional will. The differences between liberal and conservative governments are of small importance as compared to the difference between both and any party or any government which depends upon force to overcome resistance to its authority. In Great Britain the Conservative premier, Mr. Baldwin, expressly repudiates Mussolini, and to the Socialist leader, Mr. MacDonald, Russian Communism is a positive nightmare. Conservatism and radicalism in their English embodiments are united in subscribing to the final article of political liberalism, which consists in government by peaceful adjustment and well-informed discussion just as they are united in rejecting the attainment of ostensibly conservative or radical objects by force. Both Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald have to deal with incipient fascism or incipient revolutionary communism inside of their own groups; but it is their business as the chiefs of national politics in a democratic country to neutralize factions which tend toward violence.

That in so many instances consciously conservative governments should have adopted the policies and methods of a flexible progressive democracy is both encouraging and provocative. A liberalism which its former party opponents are obliged to imitate occupies a wholly different position from a liberalism which derives its authority from the successful outcome of partisan election contests. Its intrusion must mean that, as society and government now normally operate in self-governing democracies, they tend to march along a route and in a direction which would formerly have been labeled liberal. Nations such as Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States are coming to be liberal (as well as conservative) by nature. They can, of course, violate this natural tendency, but only by plunging into reactionary or revolutionary violence. Just at present they are demonstrating this natural liberalism by the attempt to outlaw war; and as soon as they get the acute international problem more under control they will, under the influence of the same kind of compulsion, adopt a more liberal social policy. Their behavior indicates that what was formerly known as liberalism was born of a trustworthy understanding of the conditions of human welfare under orderly modern social conditions.

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If modern self-governing democracies cannot be intelligently conservative without being liberal, it is important for liberals to wake up to this fact. The realization of its full meaning will revolutionize the task which they feel called upon to perform. Hitherto they have envisaged themselves primarily as idealistic politicians, dedicated to the task of capturing political power by public agitation and using it for the purpose of engineering improvements in political and economic organization or practice. But if liberalism in politics is by way of being equivalent to realism in politics, liberals can afford to cease to wager its prestige upon the victory of one party in a contest for the control of government. They can turn over to a party, which calls itself conservative but which accepts liberalism as a method in politics, the responsibility for those immediate desirable and possible reforms which are necessary to the welfare of existing society. The logical political opponent of this conservative party would be a radical party whose political object it would be not merely to improve the operation of existing institutions, but to alter the existing distribution of economic power and rewards. It would contain those individuals in the community who believe that these institutions discriminate against the welfare of their class, but who, like the members of the Labor party in England, are seeking to correct the grievance by orderly political agitation. Conscientious liberals might as citizens associate themselves with either of these parties, but as liberals they would do well not finally to commit themselves to either. They could use their release from political preoccupations in the interest of the better performance of their most essential task, which is that of preparing liberalism to serve as an intellectual leaven in individual and social life.

Liberalism is not either in its origin or in its meaning a philosophy which depends chiefly on political instruments for its expression. It was born in France during the last half of the 18th century as a result of the diminishing authority of a supernatural theology and the increasing conviction that human beings and their society must be conceived in some sense natural products. In so far as this conviction was true the essential task of humanists was the discovery of some method of liberating human life both in its individual and social aspects by the help of an improved understanding of its processes. The adoption of an almost exclusively political route to human liberation by the early French and English liberals was caused by the hostility which political and social institutions offered to their idea and plan. But the importance of this political emphasis was temporary. During the 19th century some form of constitutional democracy which presupposed a liberal political philosophy was established in the United States and throughout the greater part of western Europe. People who call themselves liberals are now in a position, consequently, to attach less importance to politics and to devote themselves to the original task of liberalism—the search for a liberating knowledge of human nature and society.

To undertake this task they will have to reform their conception of liberalism. Many of them have come to identify it with propaganda in favor of existing institutions and progressive programs or a spiritual promenade along some virtuous middle-of-the-road. It will require a severe personal discipline to bring it back to its original identification with the methodical search for a liberating knowledge of human life.

At present the first condition of the attainment of such a liberating knowledge is a full consciousness of the danger of being fooled by pretentious substitutes. Liberals as a group have not in the past been alert to protect themselves against this danger. Their political interests and projects have preoccupied their minds with preparations for obtaining power themselves and keeping their opponents out. They have enormously exaggerated the importance of the struggles in which they have been engaged, and frequently became themselves the victims of the propaganda which was circulated to convert other people. Their credulity betrayed them during and after the War when so many of them relaxed their grip on the essentials of liberalism and became violent propagandists in favor of the vindication of democracy by war and of peace by military victory. Since this revelation of what could be accomplished by propaganda, all political contests have become increasingly demoralized by its use. It has become the weapon par excellence of political strategy—no matter whether the strategist is Zinovieff, Mussolini, Poincaré, Coolidge, MacDonald or LaFollette. Radicals feel obliged to employ it no less than conservatives, although they lack the resources to turn it to the best account. But liberals, if they are true to their own vision, not only cannot invoke it but must do their best to expose and discredit it. The discrediting of it is the most effective contribution which they can for the time being make to their ultimate task of human liberation.

The only way in which they can effectively discredit propaganda is to furnish in their own lives an example of the practical use of the intelligence which is not propagandist. Being intellectuals they must stand on their heads, but they must be able to stand on their heads without suffering from a rush of blood to the brain. It is their particular business to understand—to understand what there is to know about human affairs, how much of it they themselves do not know, and finally the direction which the increase of knowledge is taking. It is desirable and perfectly possible for them to be both ardent and cautious in this pursuit of liberating knowledge. They can protect themselves either from being fooled by their ardor or from being inhibited by their caution or from being inflated by their knowledge. The way to do so is to remain loyal

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to the method of scientific research, which treats opinions, theories and plans, not as truths which must be believed or obeyed, but as experiments which are in course of being tried out, followed up and exhaustively scrutinized. Beliefs are not, as all propaganda implies, the ends of knowledge, but the means which the seeker after liberating knowledge must employ and cultivate in order to temper his own mind as a trustworthy instrument for the understanding of life.

Deficit or Surtaxes

IF the tax bill as adopted by the House Ways and Means Committee is passed by Congress, we are likely to be faced by a very pretty situation in 1928. Reductions already adopted, it is conservatively estimated, will reach at least $350,000,000 within two years. Yet Secretary Mellon's estimate of this year's surplus is only $250,000,000 to $300,000,000. Loss of the surplus alone would mean that the war debt could be retired only half as rapidly as during the past few years. A deficit of from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000, indicated on the face of the figures, would require new borrowing by the government even to meet current expenses and legal maturities of the war loans. The result of a somewhat larger deficit might easily be, not merely a failure to reduce the national debt rapidly, but an actual increase in it. As long as this continued, government expenses would increase, and the certain consequence would be either a period of inflation, gradually gathering force, or high taxes again. We should be entering upon the early stages of the fiscal disease whose later course we have watched with such complacent superiority in Germany and France.

Is this too dark a picture? Has the Secretary of the Treasury underestimated the surplus? Has Congress overestimated the reduction of tax yield which will result from the cuts it is contemplating? We think not. The surplus for 1925 may, it is true, be somewhat larger than present estimates. Secretary Mellon has been mistaken before in this matter. Yet there is little reason to believe that his estimate of receipts is far from the truth this time. And we have now reached a point where the extraordinary expenses arising from the War have been cut almost as much as possible. Ordinary expenditures, in spite of all economy, are rising and are bound to rise more. As for estimates of receipts under the new law, they are as likely to be too high as too low. When by the law of 1921 the tax rate on the largest incomes was nominally lowered from 73 percent to 50 percent, the actual tax paid fell from 63.59 percent in 1921 to 23.53 in 1923. If the tax really paid on incomes over $1,000,000 shows the same proportion to the rates levied as it did in 1923, the actual payment by this group under the new law will average only 9.4 percent of the income. The same principle holds true of other income classes from $100,000 up. We hardly think the committee has reckoned with the possibility. We must consider, too, that present tax collections are being made in a period of comparative prosperity which experience shows can hardly be expected to last indefinitely. It will be astonishing if there is no slump before the next Presidential election. Prudence would therefore require keeping a safe margin between estimates of receipts and estimates of expenditures, even if no surplus is wanted.

Reports from Washington indicate that the Democrats fear a deep plot on the part of the administration. They believe, it is said, that the Treasury wants to cut taxes now less than the situation warrants, so that another cut may be made just before the next election. If there were a plot, we should scent quite a different one. Those who furnish the sinews of war for the Republican party are as enamored of high tariffs as they are opposed to high income taxes. They much prefer sales taxes to levies on large incomes. Reduction of yield from income taxes to a point where a deficit is created would not alarm them much in view of the possibility of these other ways of securing revenue. What an embarrassing situation would be created for the Democrats in 1928 if a deficit made necessary an increase in tax receipts! They could not favor a continuing deficit. They could not favor increased import duties, and on the other hand they could not oppose the present ones. Their principles would hardly permit preference for a sales tax over income taxes. But at present they are trying to outdo the Republicans in acquiring popularity by reduction of income taxes. Would they like making a right-about-face and entering a campaign to raise them again?

The New Republic advised against any tax reduction this year, even for small incomes, on account of the desirability of retiring the war debt as quickly as possible. If any reduction is to be made, of course we should rather see it on small incomes than on large ones. Now that the House Ways and Means Committee has advertised its new schedule, no politician could be expected to assume the responsibility of advocating upward revision in the lower brackets. But there is a course open to those who want to prevent a deficit—whether from disinterested or from partisan motives. If there is to be any real opposition, either in the House or the Senate, it must rally round an effort to raise the surtaxes. This, in view of the Treasury's estimates, is the only logical accompaniment of reductions on small incomes beyond the point advised by Secretary Mellon. If the Committee rates for the lower brackets are retained, the only way of removing the threat of a deficit is to keep the old surtax rates or something nearly as high. The only way to be sure of a surplus is to raise the surtax rates even above the existing level. Will any Congressman or Senator have the vision and the courage to demonstrate this to the country?

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Adult Education

EDUCATION in the United States connotes institutions: schools and high schools and colleges and universities, not to say stadia and Red Grange. Education, also, is something one gets during childhood and adolescence. After that, one is educated or not, as the case may be; anyway, whichever it is, it has by then been settled for all time. From somewhere, somehow, there has emerged now a new locution: Adult Education. A misnomer, of course; a contradiction in terms. Adult and education—what relation can they have? An adult is finished with education. He already has all the education a human being needs, what with the Latin and Paradise Lost and Mediæval History and Economics that had perforce to be taken with the friendships and the personal contacts and the memories and the—Oh, the indefinable something called atmosphere. Or else it is too late to be educated. This adult education, moreover, you find strangely without the stigmata of institutionalism. It has no campus, it requires no drives, it has no traditions, no organized cheers, not even alumni. No elderly investment brokers beat their breasts for dear old Blank and the days they loved so well. It pays little for its teachers, but even less for buildings with ivied walls. All the old familiar associations of education are lacking.

Yet it is here. In fact, it may already be gone. Men not exclusively given to philosophic wise cracks have observed that an idea may be pronounced dead at the moment an organization is founded to promote it. In this country, indeed, organizations have been founded on ideas that hadn't yet been born. Be that as it may, an American association for adult education is being formed now on the initiative of a group of individuals actively engaged in adult education or vitally interested. It will seek to assist adult education projects already existing and stimulate other projects to start. The association has begun without any fanfare of trumpets or preliminary campaign of promotion. It has had no banquets with speeches by imposing dignitaries who subsequently become honorary vice-presidents. So far as we know, it has not even a counsel on public relations. No written matter, thoughtfully prepared for publication, has come to our desk to help us announce that a great boon for civilization is in the making. In fact, no claims are being advanced for it at all. There has been nothing at all about it in the newspapers. The association has been launched in rare and refreshing obscurity. All of which augurs well for it; indicates even that there may be something spontaneous and abiding behind it.

There is. A survey made in the last year under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation of New York has uncovered convincing evidence. Three million men and women are enrolled in the commercial correspondence schools, six times as many as there are in our colleges and universities, densely populated as those are. In university extension courses 150,000 are enrolled. One hundred thousand regularly attend open forums for discussion of political and social questions. Thirty thousand working men and women come to classes conducted under the auspices of labor unions, perhaps most significant of all as a social portent. At lecture courses in museums of art and science, at the lyceums and institutes, also with lecture courses, and at Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, Y. M. H. A.'s and similar associations, local and national in scope, are more hundreds of thousands. If adult education be defined as educational effort outside formal institutional channels by persons engaged in the ordinary occupations of adult life, or, in shorter words, the effort of grown persons to continue learning while earning a living, then we have the beginning of adult education in the United States.

The quantitative test is deceptive, of course. No quantity production of intellectual aristocrats is in process. The 3,000,000 students in the correspondence schools, for instance, are impelled by no hunger for culture. They are drawn in by the same force that determines their choice of tooth paste, underwear and garters, by skilful and prodigal advertising campaigns with adroit appeals of "Double your income in six months," "Have you a personality?" and "You can be a writer, too." It can be demonstrated that from 60 percent to 98 percent of the budget of a correspondence school, depending on the school and its degree of conscience, is for sales cost. What is left is for instruction. For every instructor there are from ten to fifty salesmen. There are schools which award doctors' degrees on two weeks' work and payment of $8. Less than five percent of the students who enroll and pay at least part of their fee finish their course. It is not especially desired that they should. The original payment is enough to pay promotion costs and yield a profit. Of those courses that are given in good faith by a few of the larger and more reputable schools—there are such—all but two or three percent are vocational and intended to teach a man a trade or make him better at his trade.

University extension is only in lesser degree vocational. Its enrollment is from among school teachers who need credits for degrees and higher pay. Nor does the multitude of lectures, varying almost imperceptibly from diet to Matisse, make philosophers and æsthetes. The untasting gulp leaves no digested knowledge, not even undigested information. Not all that can be so impressively enumerated under the designation education is educating—not much of it, in fact. Yet it is a symptom that 3,000,000 men and women can be induced to part with their money and give of their scant leisure to learn something, even something vocational. It is evidence of a need that is felt. The need may

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be poorly met, but it is there none the less. And while it remains there is something deficient in our social ordering.

In isolated cases also the need is faced. The New School for Social Research in New York offers courses of true university standard by men academically equipped to meet the standard. There are no credits, no roll-calls, no examinations; students are expected to come because they wish to learn. At People's Institute in New York an audience of a thousand every Friday night hears Everett Dean Martin give a course in social psychology or social philosophy without compromise in scholarship, dilution of matter or jazzing of manner. Those who come are expected to read the serious literature of the subject in preparation, and the questions they put at the end of the lecture are evidence that they do. Here one sees adult education teaching perhaps at its best. At the Brookwood labor college, at the Bryn Mawr summer school for working women and at the summer school of the National League of Girls' Clubs one sees classes made up of the academically uninitiate, men from the mines and girls from factories and stores, and an atmosphere of vivid intellectual curiosity, of mental clash, of eagerness, that a teacher of football-minded college sophomores would give a king's ransom to have for a semester. "After I have stood before the somnolent daughters of plutocracy for a year; it is like a breath of air to be faced down by a militant garment worker on economic theory," one teacher of working girls has remarked. Workers' education classes may be rude and elementary and ravishing of all pedagogic orthodoxy, but those who come do so because they want to acquire knowledge and not because of social habit, because one does it as one acquires a car, in order to be elected to a country club. Workers' education in this country exists more in embryo than in fact, but in what there is of it there is something vital and dynamic and fresh.

Adult education may or may not do much for the American adult; but it may do much for American education. It may ventilate our academic stuffiness. It begins with the advantage of students who come of their own volition rather than under parental pressure. They come also with experience. They do not accept so docilely. They have that in their own daily life with which to test what is being given to them. To a boy of eighteen, economic theory, however obsolete, may be spread forth with impunity. He cannot recognize its obsoleteness and he would not dare say so if he did. Bad marks would be his reward and parental wrath his punishment. The adult is not in class for marks and is accountable only to himself. If teaching adults is a more exacting test for the teacher it also brings greater satisfactions. His pupils cannot be punished for cutting. If he is dull they walk out on him in the fourth session. He can hold them only by commanding their interest. But he can also learn from them. More than one teacher in workers' education evening classes who has been recruited from high school or college has testified that he has received as much as he has given. If the men lack the intellectual discipline and knowledge of the subject he has, he lacks the direct observation of practical operation they have.

Finally the success of adult education will depend on its degree of freedom from suspicion of "uplift." This is no bearing of light unto the darkness of the submerged, of American civilization to enlighten the backwardness of the foreign-born. The extremes of the social scale, in fact, are fairly well provided for. The intellectual has his channels or can find them. The foreign-born and the worker have their forums and their People's Institute and their workers' colleges. It is almost possible to draw an economic line in adult education, a line fixed at $2500 a year income. Under $2500 a year one finds alertness, eagerness, responsiveness; above $2500 mental woodenness, sluggishness, blind receptiveness. One need only go to a public forum in a workers' or immigrant quarter of a large city one night and to a respectable suburban church forum the next. In the first questions have to be shut off and the audience urged out because the time limit has expired, and the debate proceeds on the street in excited little groups. In the second questions have to be artificially stimulated. The generalization is rough and broad, but with due allowance for generalizations it holds. The question is not so much, What shall we do to literate the ignorant mass, but, What shall we do to enlighten the great sodden American middle class, the owners of $3,000 cars, proud wearers of college fraternity badges, members of country clubs?

No doors to the millenium will be opened by adult education, and the formation of the American Association for Adult Education may be just one more occasion for conferences. It may only be said that a new and fresh note is being injected into American education. And if a civilization may be said to have come of age only when it is recognized that learning is a continuing process throughout life, then by so much we are nearer maturity.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY EDMUND WILSON
GILBERT SELDES E. C. LINDEMAN LEO WOLMAN
WALDO FRANK

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Bankers and Tankers

THINGS are not going right in Massachusetts, for the courts have taken to shaking the pillars of our financial temple. Less than a year ago a Massachusetts jury decided that some of our leading citizens had conspired to cheat a certain Mr. Willett by sundry intricate financial manœuvres and that they owed him $10,500,000.

And now while the attorneys are still preparing their appeal, Boston has received another shock. This time it is an opinion of a judge whose language and whose conclusions are of a sort to cause pain to another group of our leaders in law and finance.

The Judge was George W. Anderson, United States Circuit Judge. Many years of fighting as lawyer, Public Service Commissioner and Interstate Commerce Commissioner have brought him experience. His native New Hampshire hills gave him resolution, aggressive honesty and incisive expression. The gentlemen in question were a committee of Boston bankers, their associates and counsel. The bankers included Mr. Hart, Vice-Chairman of the Old Colony Trust Company, Mr. Wing, President of the First National Bank, and Mr. Aiken, then President of the National Shawmut Bank. These are the three principal financial institutions of New England. Others on the committee were Mr. Allan Forbes, President of the State Street Trust Company, of Boston, Mr. West, of Providence, and Mr. Finsthwait, of New York. Among the counsel was Mr. Bradley W. Palmer of the firm of Storey, Thorndike, Palmer and Dodge. Mr. Palmer is counsel for and director of many corporations and was one of the principal advisers of Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer during the latter's tenure as Alien Property Custodian.

A dissatisfied creditor attacked the committee's reorganization of the New England Oil Corporation. His counsel was Mr. Sherman L. Whipple, the successful attorney in the Willett case.

The inquiry disclosed facts which seemed to the judge to demand full investigation. The accumulation of testimony and documents became tremendous. There were no adverse witnesses. But the court says:

> Some of the direct testimony was highly misleading, to use no harsher term; it required long cross-examination and the production of many documents to correct it.

The court announces the conclusion that the decree approving the plan of reorganization "was obtained by fraud in law and fraud in fact and must be vacated."

The nature and magnitude of the case, the standing of the persons concerned, and the declarations of the court as to the duty of those who deal with other people's money combine to give great public importance to the opinion. Its length and the complexity of the facts prevent more than summary treatment. The judge speaks of 68 pages as a "reasonably brief statement."

The reorganization of unsuccessful corporations has long been a fruitful source of immediate profit and of enduring power to investment bankers. The process by which they add the duty of undertaker to that of midwife and in turn become security holders' "Protective Committees," Reorganization Managers, underwriters and directors has been often described. Thus was banker-management fastened upon many great railroad systems.

On the other hand the "protective receivership" often serves a real purpose of salvage. The recognition of committees representing the conflicting interests of bondholders, general creditors and stockholders is a necessary concomitant. The individuals interested are many, scattered and helpless. The court has neither the time nor the special knowledge required to determine for the owners of the property what to do with it. If competent representatives of the various groups can agree upon a reasonable scheme of saving as much as may be from the disaster, a desirable result is achieved which hardly could be otherwise accomplished.

But Judge Anderson is plainly right in laying down as the predicate for his opinion:

> This natural and necessary method obviously rests upon the fundamental assumption that committees or counsel appearing thus in court as representing various groups in interest are exactly what they appear to be . . . without any concealed adverse or disqualifying interests. If this assumption proves in fact ill grounded, if committees and their counsel . . . represent secretly interests adverse to those of their group . . . their presence and conduct in court are a fraud upon the court and upon the beneficial owners of the receivership estate.

In the case before him, the court finds that there was such fraud in the concealment of dealings, set out in detail in the opinion, between the Oil Corporation and a certain "Tanker Syndicate." The story begins in April 1920, when the Swiftsure Company contracted for seven tank steamers. The price was $16,800,000. Most of this money came from the Shipping Board which took a first mortgage for over $13,500,000. The Tanker Syndicate was a second mortgagee for some $4,237,000. It was composed of the Old Colony Trust Company, M. G. Chace and Company, and Peabody, Houghteling and Company. The two concerns last named are investment bankers. They are referred to here, as in the opinion, by the names of their presidents, Chace and Smith.

The bottom fell out of shipping. The Swiftsure

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Company became bankrupt. "As no one contends that the tankers were worth the government's *first* mortgage of over $13,500,000, it is obvious that the Tanker Syndicate, as investors in the *second* mortgage bonds had lost their entire investment."

At that point, however, the New England Oil Corporation in the person of Mr. Cochrane, its president, came along as Santa Claus.

The Oil Corporation was a holding company. It held the stock of a subsidiary owning undeveloped oil fields in Venezuela and of the New England Oil Refining Company which owned a refinery said, at the time when receivers were appointed for the Oil Corporation, to be very prosperous.

This corporate structure was controlled by the stockholders of the Oil Corporation who had not furnished any appreciable amount of capital to the enterprise. The capital had come from a first mortgage on the refinery, and from the buyers of an issue of some five million dollars of notes. The court remarks: "This situation (of directors in control over what was beneficially almost entirely other people's property) throws light upon the transactions hereafter sketched."

Mr. Cochrane negotiated and his directors approved a contract by which the Refining Company agreed to buy from the Tanker Syndicate the seven tankers for about their full original price. Mr. Forbes, a member of the reorganization committee, Mr. Palmer, who organized it and became its counsel and Mr. Bacon, one of the receivers, were among the directors who voted to approve this contract.

It is plain that if the government had been aware that a responsible buyer had agreed to pay $17,000,000 for these ships it would have insisted upon full payment of its $13,500,000 mortgage. It did sell the first mortgage to the Syndicate for $2,940,000. Judge Anderson finds that this was at the time a fair price for the ships. He quotes the report of the Shipping Board congratulating itself upon getting rid of them at a time when there was no real market for tankers and when it was left with 84 such ships, idle and unsalable. He also quotes a letter from a director of the Refining Company to the Board which, he says, "informs the parties that they could expect no reduction in the first mortgage except by perpetrating a fraud on the federal government by concealing the fact that oil companies, financially responsible, had obligated to pay the full original cost of these ships."

This letter shows that the Refining Company understood that an effort would be made to secure such a reduction and the opinion indicates a contention that the benefit was to accrue to the oil enterprise. But the court says that there is no evidence of even a "gentleman's understanding" to this effect and that, on the contrary, the full price was claimed under oath, as late in the receivership as January 1923. Eventually a new arrangement was made by which the reorganized corporation was to pay $8,541,000 as against the government's selling price of $2,940,000. Judge Anderson concludes his discussion of this phase of the matter by remarking:

> The new price was not made out of regard for the creditors but because the tanker forces regarded this as all the enterprise could carry and succeed. At any rate, the scheme made the second mortgage bonds of the Tanker Syndicate good—with a bonus of seven percent interest—while the United States lost over $10,000,000 on its first mortgage.

Of the contract itself, the court says:

> What induced or compelled the directors . . . to enter upon this contract remains unexplained and upon the present record does not appear susceptible of an honest explanation. . . . (It) amounted to . . . a gift of millions of other people's money to the Tanker Syndicate by directors who represented little or no investment in the oil enterprise. From the standpoint of the Tanker Syndicate a loss of several millions was transmuted into a handsome profit. . . . The court is compelled to believe and to find that the accomplishment of this result was the controlling motive of the original tanker contract and that of the reorganization later planned and effected under the controlling influence of parties interested in that contract.

The Tanker contract, in Judge Anderson's view, carried with it practical control of the oil enterprise. Smith and Chace became directors of the Refining Company and members of its executive committee. In July 1922, however, a judgment was entered against the holding company for a million dollars which it could not pay. According to the court, a dilemma was thus presented. If this judgment resulted in a forced sale of the stock of the Refining Company, new control might mean setting aside the contract. If a receivership were sought as a shield against this contingency adequate disclosure of the situation might have brought like action by the court.

"Under these conditions," says Judge Anderson, "the course adopted was to apply for a receiver, so framing the pleadings and directing the proceedings as to conceal the gist of the situation from the court."

The bill was prepared under the direction of Mr. Graustein, counsel for the Tanker Syndicate. It was filed in the name of a bank clerk. Mr. Palmer appeared as counsel for the defendant which consented to the appointment of receivers, who were appointed by Judge Julian Mack, sitting during Judge Anderson's absence. Of the receivers Judge Anderson says:

> The receivers understood from the time of their appointment that they were expected by the dominant interests to play but a minor and incidental part. . . . Mr. Garfield was left generally uninformed or misinformed as to the real situation. That he intended to do his full duty is not questioned. . . . Palmer wrote

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> to Hart commenting ironically upon Mr. Garfield taking his job so seriously. This attitude toward the court's receiver is but one of the numerous indications of the utterly false perspective with which this committee and their counsel approached the problem of advising a federal court how it should administer a trust estate.

The receivership did not include the Refining Company, alleged to be highly prosperous. It was left in its existing management. Judge Anderson says that had the court known the facts as to the tanker contract, its first step would have been to oust the directors responsible for it. He continues:

> The concealment of the tanker contract . . . was an intentional fraud upon the court and, through the court, upon the beneficiaries of the court's trust. . . . The committee had no right to conceal it and to use their powers . . . to affirm and effectuate it. While not, as a committee, responsible for making it, their later conduct fell little short of full adoption.

The concealment did not go to the point of omitting all reference to the contract, which is mentioned in general terms in the trial balances attached to the petition for receivers and to the receivers' first report. Judge Anderson says, however, that especially as the accounts do not show the vessels as assets or their cost as a liability, they "by necessary implication . . . negative any involvement . . . in a contract to pay over $17,000,000 for a tanker fleet—whether worth $17,000,000 or one-half or one-sixth of that sum."

Shortly after the receivers were appointed, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Hart took the lead in constituting a Noteholders' Protective Committee which promptly became a reorganization committee. Judge Anderson italicizes part of a letter written by Mr. Palmer making an arrangement by which Mr. Hart "may in appearance be the representative of the United Fruit Company . . . and not . . . of any supposed interest of the Old Colony Trust Company." The Old Colony was one-third of the Tanker Syndicate.

Mr. Forbes, who had voted to approve the tanker contract, was added to the committee as were the others named above. The court says:

> Hart, Forbes and Palmer were entirely disqualified to present themselves as trustees of the creditors. . . . The rest of the committee knew or shortly ascertained the true situation and what was really intended and gave their assent thereto.

The committee invited noteholders to deposit their notes with and assign their claims to it. As was to be expected most of the notes were soon turned in.

Before the committee was organized, however, Smith, of the Syndicate, had presented to Palmer, to Hart and to some others, a plan of reorganization and had gone to Europe to test the market for the proposed bond issue. Judge Anderson comments upon Mr. Hart's testimony that the plan recommended by the committee was the product of its own careful study. He says:

> In truth, the plan was . . . the Syndicate's plan, formed by Smith weeks before the committee was organized. The chief documents affecting it were drawn by Graustein, counsel for the Tanker Syndicate. The plan was not devised by this committee. The committee as constituted was devised to sponsor the Tanker Syndicate's plan, devised by Smith.

As filed in court, the plan gave the noteholders preferred stock in place of their notes and provided for a new bond issue "to provide working capital." To make the bonds sell, a large block of common stock and potentially valuable rights were to be given as a bonus. The bonds, with this bonus, were to net the corporation 85.

The plan was approved by Judge Morton, District Judge.

Then, the opinion says, "having thus obtained the approval of the court of a plan . . . which appeared fair enough . . . this committee proceeded to dispose of this trust estate in a radically different fashion according to a plan devised months before by Smith for the Tanker Syndicate."

The court states what was done as follows: the new bonds which were to net the corporation 85 were sold by Smith or Chace for at least 95, and Smith or Chace, one or both, realized a cash profit of from $400,000 to $600,000. They kept for themselves or their nominees 527,000 shares of the bonus common stock and the warrants. The proceeds were not used for working capital. About 41 percent was forthwith paid to the Tanker Syndicate. Most of the balance was paid to banks represented on the committee or used for reorganization expenses.

Commenting upon the circular offering the bonds, the court notes the absence of any offer of a bonus and, mentioning certain statements made as to the value of the property, says:

> If these statements were true, the bonds were easily marketable, without a bonus. . . . If they were not true, the fiduciaries . . . had no right to allow these representations to be made. . . . If . . . even approximately true . . . permitting Smith and Chace, directors of the Refining Company, to make a cash profit of from $400,000 to $600,000 and to keep most of the common stock and the stock warrants . . . becomes a glaring breach of trust.

Judge Anderson also remarks that the fees charged by counsel warrant "judicial disapproval." "The bill of Palmer's firm was $100,000 . . . Graustein, who represented the Tanker Syndicate, received his fee of $20,000 from the Refining Company, the victim of that transaction. Farley . . .

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who helped guide the court's receivers in the production of the inadequate and erroneous representations they made to the court, charged the Refining Company $20,000."

The result is thus summed up. The noteholders originally had an interest in a promising venture next to the $5,000,000 first mortgage bonds. They are now postponed to an additional $5,000,000 of bonds and to $8,500,000 of tanker liabilities, reduced by the value of the tankers which, in Judge Anderson's opinion, is about $3,000,000.

"This," remarks Judge Anderson, "falls little short of being conclusive evidence of a grossly unjust and illegal sacrifice of the property rights of these investors. But the methods and not the results are the gist of this case."

Having thus concluded that the committee was by reason of adverse interest, past conduct or knowing assent, disqualified to act, that its purpose was to serve the tanker interests and not the noteholders, and that the plan approved was not that effected, the Judge vacates the decree approving the reorganization. This, however, leaves the eggs scrambled. The status quo can not be restored.

But the Judge remarks that upon the record made by the committee itself, the corporation was fully solvent when they took control, and holds that the former noteholders have an option. If they believe what has been said as to the value of the preferred stock, they may keep it. If they do not, they may rescind the settlement made with them and upon returning their stock demand full payment from the committee. This, the court says,

> imposes no hardship upon the committee if their representations originally made and still made . . . are true. Rescission will leave the committee where they intended to leave the original chief owners of this estate—holders of most of the preferred stock in a corporation whose efficient management is assured by a voting trust, with Chace, Hart, Palmer, Smith and Wing, as voting trustees. To take more stock will simply round out their holdings in the enterprise they and their nominees have acquired through this reorganization.

In advance of the prospective review of this remarkable opinion on appeal, it is perhaps as well to let it speak for itself.

LaRue Brown.

Christians, Beware!

> Almost against my will I have been unable to disguise my fear lest the churches leave their intellectual house-cleaning too late so that the generation now growing up will turn its back on all organized forms of Christianity. The result of any such movement at first would be inevitably the apparent strengthening of a not unduly intelligent orthodoxy, and indeed this can be observed already. The secondary and lasting result would be, if I am not wholly mistaken, the gradual emergence of a new form of organized religion which probably would not call itself Christian though it would represent all that was best in the Christianity of today. I am daily more and more convinced that this may happen and words cannot express my regret. . . . It would be worth while to do almost anything to preserve the continuity of the churches. The one thing which is not worth while to do is to sacrifice the freedom of the Experimentalist to the statesmanship of the Institutionalist.

THE foregoing passage is quoted from the preface of a recent book entitled The Religion of Yesterday and Tomorrow which is written by Mr. Kirsopp Lake and published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The book contains an illuminating discussion of the present grievous plight of official Christianity. The controversy over the meaning of Christianity is in Mr. Lake's opinion imperiling its future as the dominant religion of Europe and America. He devoutly hopes that the educated and enlightened people in these societies will continue to call themselves Christians. But he doubts whether they will and he submits reasons for his doubts which deserve more consideration than they are likely to receive.

The Christian societies are beginning to present a phenomenon which has not been duplicated since the second century of our era. The official churches still cling to a theology which is tacitly rejected by educated men, even when, for other than intellectual reasons, they support ecclesiastical institutions. He does not seek a way out of this dilemma, as so many do, by dismissing the effort to reach agreement as to the meaning of Christianity as irrelevant to its future vitality. He knows that a religion cannot perform its function of humanizing social life and regenerating individual life unless the faithful agree to act as if it meant one rather than another kind of truth. He recognizes, consequently, that the existing controversy must be fought out to some ending which is still obscure, and he does not shirk the difficult task of passing judgment on its merits.

He divides the contending factions into three rather than two groups: the Fundamentalists, the Experimentalists and the Institutionalists. He identifies Fundamentalism with an unwavering attachment to the four great traditional doctrines of Christianity: the Infallible Inspiration of Scripture, the Deity of Jesus Christ, the Efficacy of the Blood Atonement and the Second Coming of the Lord. There is nothing new or strange about this attachment. It is the partial and uneducated survival of a

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theology which was once believed by all Christians. The point of view of the Experimentalists is harder to describe than that of Fundamentalism, for they avoid its formulation into clearcut phraseology, but in general they adopt the position familiar to the scientist that experiment is the source of knowledge. Time was when theory came first and experiment was used almost exclusively to corroborate it. A man was not counted Christian or religious because he had ventured an experiment but because he had succumbed to a doctrine. The Experimentalists, on the contrary, hold that the religious life consists essentially in a decisive individual project. The project begins when a man becomes conscious that there is a purpose in life of which he is only a part, but with which he can coöperate if he choose, *and he does choose.* He himself prefers to try the alternative of acting as its servant, and that alternative is and will always remain an experiment which derives its value not from being believed but from being watched.

The answer of the Fundamentalists to the Experimentalists is simple and absolute. There *is* a body of opinion which is true and adequate. God has revealed it to man. This body of truth contains a place for experiment, but not if the experiment testifies to any conclusion which contradicts the Bible. Revelation is sharply distinguishable from discovery. In the light of this answer there can be no compromise between Experimentalism and Fundamentalism. The same ecclesiastical mansion cannot permanently provide a home for both. Nevertheless there is in all the churches a large party, called by Mr. Lake the Institutionalists, which seeks to mediate. Its members endeavor to reduce to a minimum the amount of belief whose acceptance would be a necessary qualification for citizenship in the Christian community. Their object is to keep the church alive as an institution even though professing Christians differ radically in their interpretaton of its meaning.

Of the three factions the Fundamentalist is the only one which is likely to win speedily and completely. They have on their side energy, determination, organization and a more intelligible and familiar mental and moral posture. Such a triumph of Fundamentalism would, in Mr. Lake's opinion, be equivalent to a death sentence for organized Protestant Christianity. It would imply the rejection by official religion of the method and achievements of natural science. But this Fundamentalist Christianity may none the less endure for a long time. Its adherents may obtain control of public education by exerting the same kind of pressure on the legislatures which enabled the Anti-Saloon League to secure the passage of the Prohibition Amendment. They may receive support from large business interests who have discerned the blood relationship between religious and political or industrial fundamentalism and who look to a final body of religious truth as the indispensable support for a rigid social order. If the Fundamentalists act at the prompting of their convictions, they can and will drive all Experimentalists out of the Christian Church.

Whether this result will happen depends in Mr. Lake's opinion very largely on the Institutionalists. At present their influence is exerted chiefly on the reactionary side. Although many of them pride themselves on being "liberal," their liberalism consists largely in applying to religion the compromising technique of opportunist politics. They seem to have studied deeply the story of Jonah. They hasten either to throw overboard any Experimentalist who is attacked or else to leave him undefended on the ground that he is irritating in his manner or insufficiently "spiritual" in his language. If they continue to associate the welfare of the church with the lack of intellectual courage and integrity, its position will inevitably shrink from left to right. The Fundamentalists will triumph and will divorce Christianity from experimental science. By so doing they will ruin official Christianity. The youth of today are more rather than less religious than they were thirty years ago, but they are not credulous. Ultimately no doubt the forces of intellect and the spirit will once more come together and a fresh religion will be born. This religion will represent all that is best in educated Christianity of today, but it will not and cannot call itself Christian. The word will have been appropriated by sectarian obscurantists and bigots.

Mr. Lake piously hopes that the Experimentalists will not be driven out of the churches, and those who understand the cost of a breach in the continuity of an institutional religious tradition will share his hope. But it should not be the Fundamentalists alone who will decide whether they go or stay. There are important implications of their passive toleration by an official Fundamentalist Christianity to which Mr. Lake himself does not pay sufficient attention. If, as he says, there is no compromise between Experimentalism and Fundamentalism, how can the Fundamentalists permit the Experimentalists to abide within the fold without acting disloyally to the plain requirements of their own convictions? By compromising the issue the Fundamentalists would implicitly renounce Fundamentalism and act upon the opportunist political view of Christianity which Mr. Lake calls Institutionalism. On the other hand the Experimentalists, if they are true to their convictions, can consent to remain only on condition that the door is not closed to the ultimate triumph of Experimentalism. They must have reason to believe that their loyalty to the church will be rewarded not only with toleration but with an honest reconsideration of the issue. It must be equivalent to an inside opportunity of educating official Christianity into an Experimentalist state of mind. Does any such prospect exist? If they remain what chance have they of reconstructing in the light of Experimentalism the prevailing Christian philosophy?

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Surely they cannot reasonably expect to approach their goal by carrying on the controversy as they now do—that is, by trying to persuade or argue Fundamentalists into abandoning Fundamentalism. The difference between the two philosophies is ultimately a difference in logic—in the tests which the opposing factions use to discriminate between truth and error in opinion. In so far as the conflict is confined to the dialectical ring, the Experimentalists cannot obtain a decision. They will fight under rules which will prolong the controversy indefinitely and finally reduce both parties to exhaustion. Christianity will become a religion which, in order to include everybody, will come to mean nothing. Their only chance to vindicate their position and (if they are right) to revitalize Christianity is to take their own test of truth more seriously. From their point of view, truth, even religious truth, is experimental and requires unending confirmation in experience. In the case of religious truth, however, the confirmation cannot take place in a recorded and measurable public experience. It must occur, if at all, in the experience of individuals as the result of their private conscious preference for one kind of life. The future of Experimentalism as a philosophy of religion will depend on the ability of its adherents to demonstrate that their tentative and circumspect method of testifying to the truth of Christianity is capable of educating better Christians than a method which starts with a definitely formulated theory.

Experimentalists, I think, rarely understand the real strength of Experimentalism as an interpretation of Christianity. It is promising and powerful only in so far as it accepts all the risks and assumes all the responsibilities of envisaging Christianity as a way of life rather than a body of belief. From the Experimentalist point of view Christianity as a theory does not require of human life the vindication of its truths. The Experimentalist Christian needs not less but more faith than a Fundamentalist. He must believe that individuals who are successfully educated to unfold the undeveloped possibilities of their own lives will vindicate the Christian vision. The essential business of religion is not the submission by individuals to a particular formulation of the truth, but the choice by individuals to govern their lives by the truth, no matter what it is, and the willingness on their part to discover what the truth is by means of methodical conscious experience. Then if Christianity is true, in the sense of being an imaginative interpretation of the way in which human life needs to be fulfilled, its truth will be convincingly revealed to the individual Christian. It will be revealed, however, not in sermons, creeds or sacred writings but once again in living experience. The revelation will not take place or be supposed to take place, that is, until individuals themselves freshly discover it. The essential task of the Experimentalists would then become, not the waging of a battle to save themselves from being cast out of the churches or the conversion of orthodox Christians to the truths of organic evolution, but the reconstruction of Christian education in the light of an experimental, self-chosen and self-revealed vision of Christian truth.

The difficulty is that whereas the Fundamentalists, as Mr. Kirsopp Lake says, know their own minds, the Experimentalists do not. The latter fail to realize that under the Fundamentalist interpretation Christianity is fatally handicapped as a method of regenerating individual lives. They fail to understand that the religious vitality of Experimentalism depends, not upon the popularization of scientific knowledge, but upon the adaptation of scientific method to the art of free and harmonious living. Even some of the most radical of American modernists seek to bring about creative conviction, the kind of conviction which informs and enhances life, merely by infusing passionate emotional sincerity into the advocates of preconceived theories. When a group of really Experimentalist Christians* ask a series of questions about the funtion of the church for the purpose of pricking their brethren into some dim consciousness of the precarious and questionable character of their existing religious community, they are accused by a leading organ of liberal Christianity (the Christian Century) of having more faith in the method of Socrates than in the passion of Jesus. But what if the method of Socrates, which was invented to enable human beings to know themselves in relation to the world in which they live, is the normal and trustworthy route for a Christian to take who wishes to share the passion of Jesus? What if it not merely helps to arouse sleeping Christians to the needs of their church, but if it also helps to destroy the intellectual barriers in the minds of good Christians to their own religious education? It is the failure of modernist Christians to understand the force of these questions which condemns them at present to carry on a losing fight with the Fundamentalists.

HERBERT CROLY.

* I refer to the pamphlet entitled Why the Church? published by the Inquiry into the Christian Way of Life.

Sonnet

Then shall I sing no more, and the guitar
Whisper under my thin caressing hand
No more? But I have left a scar
Of music on you; even the bright sand
Is not more written with wind than you with song.
In the eventual dusk the subtle tongue
Shall never be forgotten, nor the long,
Slow, indicated rhythm of what was sung.

If there is silence, if the guitar is broken,
And even the winds are empty in the south
Or full of dust, remember what was spoken,
O my beloved, with the singing mouth.
For the imperfect beauty that was I,
Love is sufficient to be remembered by.

MARGARET LARKIN.

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Washington Notes

BY the time this is printed the search for a successor to the Hon. Judson C. Welliver, as literary aide to the President, to be officially known as Chief Clerk of the White House, may have been brought to a successful conclusion. Up to the present moment the hunt has been fruitless and futile although conducted by some of the keenest of the Massachusetts White House scouts. Nice old Papa Stearns himself has given the matter some attention but not with any marked degree of success. So too has Chairman Butler and Private Secretary Sanders and Personal Secretary Clark and at least one member of the Cabinet. Various prospects have been looked over in the past week but none have quite measured up to the requirements. It seems—and I can well understand it—that the President puts a high value upon this place. The man who fills it can be of incalculable assistance to him or he can be of no use at all—in fact a dreadful handicap and embarrassment.

The man who fills the job—perhaps by now they have found him—must not only have literary talents of no mean order but he must besides be a person of proved discretion, judgment, character, in whom secrets and confidences can be safely placed.

Two almost insuperable obstacles confront the searchers—one that there is no available man here in Washington with even approximately Welliver's brains and ability. If there were such a man he would certainly be making more money than this job pays even if the National Committee should carry him on its secret payroll. Another reason is that even if money were no object, and he were otherwise qualified, a cautious man might hesitate to step into Mr. Welliver's shoes. It isn't an easy job to please that little inner circle at the White House. They have been known to exhibit a carping spirit and they don't laugh much. They are too apprehensive and too suspicious to be merry. Mr. Welliver's successor won't have a great deal of fun. I may be mistaken but my idea is that the man finally chosen will be dug up either by Mr. Hoover or Mr. Morrow. They are the two best diggers in these parts.

Once more the reports as to the retirement of Mr. Mellon from the Cabinet are going around Washington. They are not wholly new but this time they are based on such seemingly sound reasons and come from such informed sources that I have faith in them. As a matter of fact those closest to the old gentleman are aware that he now for the first time since his appointment five years ago really does contemplate resigning. I do not mean immediately. There is no such idea in his mind. What is felt however by his friends to be very probable is that soon after the tax fight in the next session of Congress is over Mr. Mellon will get out—not because he is disgusted with political life and does not enjoy the Cabinet circle—because, strange as it may seem, he does—but because with the surtax cut to 20 percent and the foreign debts largely funded he feels that he can retire with dignity and credit and devote the balance of his life to taking care of his not too robust health.

Sound enough that seems from the Mellon angle. Certainly there is force in the argument that should Mr. Mellon win out on the tax reduction principles to which he has dedicated himself and in addition secure a settlement of our foreign debts, even if it does only mean stage money payments, he has done enough—good or bad—according to the way one views these things, to justify retirement. In addition there would be left little save routine to his job and, say his admirers, purely routine matters do not interest Mr. Mellon. That is the way those talk who insist upon regarding Mr. Mellon as a great man largely because he has a great fortune. As a matter of fact purely routine matters do not interest anyone above the intellectual grade of a grasshopper.

More interesting to me than the prospect of Mr. Mellon leaving the Cabinet is the prospect of Dwight Morrow taking his place. That such is the program I find firmly believed by nearly all those who get close enough to the White House to have any basis for real opinion concerning these matters.

Two things are beyond question—one that Mr. Coolidge would like to have Mr. Morrow in the Cabinet, the other that Mr. Morrow would like to be in the Cabinet. So far as anyone has suggested there exists but one possible reason why, if and when old Mr. Mellon gets out, young Mr. Morrow should not take his place, and that is a political reason. Not that Mr. Morrow's politics are not all right but because some of the little Massachusetts political advisers in the unofficial Cabinet who help make up the night life of the White House are apprehensive lest the appointment of a partner in the House of Morgan would have a bad political effect upon Mr. Coolidge. An absurd idea! In this day and generation with everybody intent upon grabbing for money and everybody getting a little, a connection with the House of Morgan isn't a political liability. It is classed now as an asset. As to hurting Mr. Coolidge politically if he put Mr. Morrow in as Secretary of the Treasury, nothing will hurt Mr. Coolidge politically until the people as a whole get a crack over their collective skull that starts their mental machinery moving again. Until that happens nothing he does will hurt him. He could put Doheny in and get away with it or Harry Sinclair.

It is painful to report on the prospects of the pious Pepper in Pennsylvania. The efforts of the "high command" in the Republican organization, by which I mean Senator Reed and the Mellon forces of which he is the leader, to iron things out for him so as to avoid a bitter primary struggle seem to have finally failed. The recalcitrant Vare is, I am told, more recalcitrant than ever, has gone so far in fact as to issue an ultimatum to the broad general effect that the Philadelphia machine will accept anyone else the "high command" desires except Pepper. Pepper they will not stand for and if Pepper stays in the field the Philadelphia machine will have a candidate of its own of an exceedingly un-Pepperish type.

Of course Pepper is far too deep in now to get out and having begun his campaign will have to go to the finish, but the outlook is not pleasing. If the anti-Pepper people put up a candidate against him it practically insures a three-cornered contest with Gifford Pinchot in the third corner. I still think that virtue will triumph and Pepper pull through but it does look as if he might lose a lot of feathers in the tussle. There are a considerable number of machine leaders in Philadelphia who since the recent primary in which Senator Pepper opposed the machine candidate for judge, are out to muss him all up if they can—and they think they can.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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After the Game

(Princeton and Yale Ten Years Ago)

YOU see in me an Athenian who has just returned from Sparta!—No: I really had a darn good time.—Well, Bill Altman and I went over to Arthur's room the first thing after the game and in some ways I thought he'd changed a good deal. He seemed frightfully nervous and exhausted: and he's more serious-minded than ever—excruciatingly so. The first thing he did was to be very elaborately polite about the game. "You did some brilliant work in the last half," he said. "It was a pity you couldn't have scored then." You remember how he used to be found in the library when St. Matthew's was playing Kendall? Then I complimented him on his translation of the Sophoclean ode in the Lit. "But I'm surprised," I said, "after what you told me once about Tess of the D'Urbervilles that you should have any use for such a pessimist." "Oh, there is certainly nothing in common between Sophocles and Hardy," he said. "Modern writers like Hardy and Ibsen merely vituperate against life and futilely abuse God for injustice, whereas Sophocles makes it plain that Œdipus has broken the moral law and that his punishment is just. That is why Œdipus is a great tragedy, whereas Tess of the D'Urbervilles is merely a purposeless assault on our emotions." "But in the second play," I said, "Sophocles makes Œdipus realize the injustice of his punishment. More thoroughgoing expressions of pessimism than one finds in the Œdipus Coloneus could not well be conceived. Surely no one has outdone Sophocles in griping about the worthlessness of life!" Then he said that he hadn't read Œdipus Coloneus but had merely looked up the ode on Athens and translated it. "I have so little time for Greek," he said. "Outside my Plato course, I find it possible to spend only about thirty-five minutes in the Classical Library in the late afternoon, between the time when I come in from track and the time when I have to go to dinner. I envy you Princetonians with your more ample leisure." "Why on earth do you go in for track?" I said. And then he explained that he thought that, if you wanted to be an all-around man, you ought to cultivate some form of athletics—he has taken up pole-vaulting: isn't that a ghastly thought? And he is in the debating club, writes for the Lit, sings in the glee club and the choir and is going out for the Dramat. Bill Altman mumbled something about, "Idea never occurred to me!" "What idea?" said Arthur. "Idea being an all-around man," said Bill. "Really, Bill," Arthur said, "every time I see you, you have become more unintelligible. I hope Princeton isn't doing that to you. You know how the Harvard men get: you can hardly understand them at all." "No," mumbled Bill. "Mere decay of the moral fibre."

Then Ed Haines came in—Arthur is still rooming with Ed—beaming from ear to ear and a little bit lit. "Well, men!" he said, "I'm right on the crest! And before the evening is over I'm gonta be still higher. I'm gonta be drunk tonight!" "You're drunk already," Arthur said grimly. "Oh, say not so, Duchess!" said Ed. And then he said, "Have you heard about Prexy Hadley's latest prank? He went by Anson Phelps Stokes's office the other day and called out for him to stick his head out. 'What's the matter?' said Stokes. 'There's a window open in Woodbridge!' replied the President of Yale. 'Bless my soul!' exclaimed the Secretary of the University. 'Which window is it?' 'The one you've got your goddam head out of!' was the President's snappy reply. And now, Men of Yale"—he began. "But I forget we are not all Yale men here. No: an older—I might almost say a more sacred—tie unites us. Old Fellows of St. Matthew's School!—journeying along diverse roads on the great ocean of life, yet all always welded together in our hearts by the thought of the old school water-tower!" And then he began to imitate Weeping Fred Hotchkiss: "I see a bare and unlighted room on the topmost story of a tenement. I see a man and a woman huddled there about a guttering candle. Their seventeen children—all under the age of three—are clamoring for food. A package has arrived. What is in it? They carry it to the failing light. At first, they think there must be a mistake. It must have come to the wrong address. But no! there is a card: it says, 'From the students of St. Matthew's School—bought by voluntary contributions.' And inside is a ripe grape. And I see the joy that fills that sordid room—I see the smile that lights the mother's face as she turns to the children about her," here his voice begins to break, don't you know?—"and says, 'Children, the boys of St. Matthew's have sent you this grape!'" Then he did the Performing Seal, and he was going to act the Transformation Scene from Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—he said, "I've got a new ending where the United States Marines come in!" He really has a darn amusing line—he looks so funny in his typical Yale clothes — you know these dark sheet-iron clothes that they all seem to wear—with his dip—they all wear dips—jammed down over his spectacles so that he looked like some sort of frog. But Arthur shut him off. He doesn't approve of Ed's buffoonery. When they were first at college he made him go out for Dwight Hall and then afterwards, when that didn't seem to take, had him heel the News and he got on—through Arthur's knowing Hoyt Landless, I suppose. But the night we were there was precisely the night of Ed's moral collapse. He asked us to come out and have dinner with him and go to the show at the Hyperion. Arthur wouldn't come—he had to go to a committee meeting or something—and he said to Ed, "Do you think you can afford to do this?" "Yes, Duchess," replied Ed. "I can—by a strange coincidence! I won some money on the game." "I mean, haven't you got a lot to do?" said Arthur. "I got by on that chemistry test," said Ed, "so I think I ought to celebrate!" So we went off.

We had some drinks and went to Mory's—which was in a great state of drunken confusion and perfectly deafening. It was full of old grads and people, greeting each other with that terrific physical impact they have at Yale. After that, we went to the Hyp, where one of the most tremendous brawls I have ever seen was staged. In the first place, the curtain was almost an hour late going up and the audience demonstrated loudly. At first they just stamped and sang songs, but gradually they grew more bitter. At last, a man came out and announced that Gertrude Hoffman, who was to have been the leading feature, would not be able to appear. Whereupon there was a great shout of disgust. Then the curtain went up on a lunch-hour act of acrobats, which everybody of course horsed. The climax of the act was one of these elaborate formations where they all pile up on one another. Somebody began shushing the audience and then when there was comparative silence and the acrobats had just made their pyramid, Ed Haines, who was sitting beside me—we were very close to the stage—said, "Hup!"—and the acrobats mistook it for their own signal and all came down on their necks. Everybody was delighted. The acrobats went off sore and the curtain came down and there was another long wait. Then Ed's

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friends began to urge him to go up on the stage and do something to entertain the audience. "I'll do the Transformation Scene from Dr. Jeykll and Mr. Hyde," he said. "I've got a new ending where the United States Marines come in." And he went up, amid tremendous applause. But he never got any further than the first line—"I have r-r-ransacked London in vain for the drug that has been the cause of all muh misery!" The curtain went up behind him and he found himself in one of these interior sets for a vaudeville skit—with a telephone on a table, don't you know? He went straight over to the table, sat down, took up the receiver and said, "Hello, is this Police Headquarters? Well, this is Detective O'Brien speaking——" But before he got any further, an actor in a dress suit and silk hat came in. Ed got up and shook hands with him and said, "Hello, Count! Welcome to the Taft lavatory!" Then the manager or somebody came out and tried to put Ed off the stage. Ed attempted to remonstrate with him but the man pushed him along backwards and finally he fell into the orchestra. When he got up he was sore as a crab and tried to get back on the stage again. The audience, in the meantime, had been going wild and when they saw Ed fall off they began to rush the stage. Then the management brought out a hose and turned it on the audience, which, of course, only made them more furious. Finally the police were called in, but before it was over the theatre was wrecked: the set was all torn to pieces, the decorations were all smashed! I remember seeing a man in one of the boxes throw a chair down into the big drum.

But the most amusing thing was what happened afterwards. We got Ed away, though he wanted to beat up on the management and kept insisting that he would sue them for breaking his spectacles, and went back to Ed's and Arthur's room—they had offered to put us up—where we found Arthur very much agitated over the rumors he had heard. We tried to tell him how funny Ed had been, but the more we told him about it the grimmer and more depressed he seemed to get. The thing is, you see, that even though they're juniors, they're desperately afraid of getting in wrong: Arthur was afraid that Ed's behavior at the Hyp would gum his chances for Bones or something. Arthur, I think, has his own future pretty well secured. The chairmanship of the Lit, it seems, is the object of a competition: the contributor who gets most manuscripts printed wins it. And Arthur has written a sequence of something like twenty-eight sonnets—some of them darn good, I will say, all about the Yale campus and the importance of tradition—each of which counts as a separate manuscript. So he has the chairmanship of the Lit cinched and the chairman of the Lit is elected automatically to one of the senior societies. But he has been worried about Ed—who, it seems, has been running it out a good deal lately. Well, anyway, after we had gone to bed—they in their bedrooms and we on the window-seat and the couch—about three o'clock in the morning we heard Ed get up again and go into Arthur's room and they had a long conversation, which we couldn't help overhearing. Ed was still drunk, but he had begun to worry, too. "I suppose I made a damn ass of myself," he said, and then he went on to tell Arthur how much he thought of him and how much his influence had meant to him, and how terribly he felt at doing anything that could disgrace Yale. "I was drunk," he said, "and when I'm drunk I always want to play the clown, but you mustn't think, Art, that, under it all, I could be satisfied with cheap success, just with making people laugh, or that these years at Yale haven't meant more to me than just drinking and parties." It was sort of embarrassing. If it had been at Princeton, we would just have yelled to tuck it in; but there was something sort of religious about it. Bill Altman lay there muttering, "My God! This is killing me! Little more of this and I'll break down and cry like a child!" But finally we heard Arthur say, "Well, don't worry about it now any more. Go back and try to go to sleep. I understand that the real rowdyism was all started by the Sheff men."

EDMUND WILSON.

Hamlet in Modern Dress

Hamlet in Modern Dress, Booth Theatre, November 9, 1925.

WHEN any artist creates a work of art he has, out of the passionate urgency of his being, an essence, an idea, a quality, a burden of creation, whatever you want to call it, to express. Taking his material, the characters, action, atmosphere, that he chooses from life to embody his idea, the dramatic artist creates among them a relationship of elements, a composition of values, by which his idea appears. So long as these values hold, these elements remain in the relationship intended by the artist. When the values change, the relationship is disturbed and the meaning is imperilled. If an American painter wished to convey the idea of Modesty and did a picture of a maiden in flowing white with her face upturned to heaven, he might say as much for us, but his point would be lost if he exhibited in an African town where the face is covered and the stomach bared. In Lenormand's scene in Les Ratés where the black man gloats over the curves of the white girl in the crowd around the dead heroine, the idea to be conveyed is the shock of the primitive sex impulse in the presence of death and horror. To a Parisian audience that point was expressed. But to an American audience if the scene were produced as it is written, the effect would, by race prejudice, leap into violent distortions of the dramatist's motive, and so the Theatre Guild was right in modifying this detail of the piece. In seventeenth century Spain Calderon, to express his theme of manly honor and spiritual exaltation, used a story of a man who kills his suspected wife, innocent or not, lest even a hint of stain come on his honor. But obviously no modern producer in our theatre could save this once high theme from absurdity.

What, then, is the right way to produce a Shakespeare play? And who is to say what way is right? There is no right way, and every producer decides at his own peril what course to take. To know that there is some right way to produce Hamlet, some secure and unfailing tradition or pattern of production, would be a fine and solacing thing, just as it would be a comfort to know that there is one right and one wrong, for everybody one thing to be thought, one thing to be done, et cetera. But every man is alive in so far as he has in him on one hand strong forms of thought and action and on the other a ceaseless stream of life that fills these forms, breaks them down, achieves new forms, and so forever. And every moment of his existence is alive through the struggle and the perilous decision between these forms and this pressing and vital current. In precisely the same way the production of a play is a perilous decision, not safely settled anywhere. It is a struggle, a search to pour the eternal vitality and life of the play into forms old or new that for its present occasion can express it.

In the production of Hamlet in modern clothes there are two very manifest advantages. In the first place the

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intrusion of splurging and munificent costumes or of foolish and poor costumes is stripped away; and after a very few moments we find ourselves attending the lines and motives rather than the actor's effects in clothing. In the second place the surviving elements in the drama, those elements whose passion is vibrant with eternal point and those whose application to this hour in history is highly pertinent, are more keenly exposed by the absence of contemporaneous dress details and are underscored by the modernity of the figures that present these elements to us.

These advantages very clearly appeared in Mr. Horace Liveright's production of Hamlet. We saw, or up to the fifth act at least we saw, a performance that was full of point and magnetism. We listened, we admired this great dramatic writing, we marked the pungency of the lines, the lyricism and distinction of the emotional detail, the passionate cerebral compactness, the majestical canopy of idea fretted with golden fires. The modernity enticements were not vulgarly pushed on us, there was a discreet use only of evening clothes, sport suits, cigarettes and pistols. The reading sought so sharply after the sense of the lines that it found very often their essential verse pattern. The fifth act went stalely, as it usually does in the modern theatre, where its exuberance and grotesque are too much for modern acting and modern minds. But the closet scene, Polonius's scenes, some of Ophelia's passages, the entrance of the players, went remarkably well. The shortcomings of the production were in the direction of complexity and elaboration and in eloquence, though to some extent the modernity theme induced this stripping down. There was also some confusion between modernity and informality; the king and queen after all are not heading a Long Island house-party and their entourage needs more military style and state, their manners a stricter etiquette than we encounter at the Booth.

Miss Adrienne Morrison as the queen got in modern terms a certain effect of slightness and of passionate nerves that was good; in the intense scenes she barely passed; beside Ophelia's grave she was like a smart widow at the Biltmore. The King of Mr. Charles Waldron was agreeable, well bred and sometimes finely sinister, though not powerful or dominating. Mr. Ernest Lawford's Polonius was engaging, up to date, full of droll intelligence. Mr. Stafford Dickens's Laertes read badly; Mr. Percy Waram's Horatio was amiable only, he had little to give such a man as Hamlet except fidelity and ears; a good tail to wag would have helped his performance. The Player King, Mr. Herbert Ranson, gave a fine reading to his speeches, with the right volume of rant and emotion. Miss Helen Chandler's Ophelia had the same qualities as her Hedvig last season, sincerity of feeling, a frail poignancy, a touching purity of approach. She lacked vocal control and a solid enough technical equipment for the whole character.

In Mr. Basil Sydney's reading his stresses were now and then uncertain. But these wandering stresses derived less from wrong understandings than from what is Mr. Sydney's chief fault as an actor. He has a beautiful voice, finely placed and full of fine undertones, an admirable diction, a genuine sense of beauty. But he has a bad habit of resting on the stage, of the wrong kind of relaxation. This sag in projection, this decomposition in energy, flattens his attack; the scene, as it did now and again in Hamlet, dies on his hands too often. He needs in his Hamlet above all things more frenzy. In the closet scene, for example, just before the ghost appears, more thundering in the index would allow more decline into the hush and awe that the ghost brings to Hamlet, and more rise later into desperate irony. But his performance is on the whole full of intelligence, taste, culture and poetic feeling.

Mr. Frederick Jones's settings, except for the play scene and the queen's closet, were admirable. The long windows with their Venetian blinds, the urns, the slightly raised and most elegantly drawn platform for the action, were all smartly done. It was the modern entirely that this décor essayed. In general the talent behind these settings was not so much powerful or poetic as brilliant and urbane, not so profound as splendidly and beautifully chic.

To dress Shakespeare in the clothes of the audience that watches the performance is not new; the Elizabethans, the Greeks and our English theatre long after Garrick, followed such a practice. That for our theatre Hamlet in modern clothes is wrong as a final convention is obvious. Such a production cuts down the import, the rich texture, the splendor; it is not in the same substance as the essence whose body it becomes. But its justification as an experiment is easy indeed, as we may see at the Booth, and the whole adventure is an entertaining and distinguished one.

STARK YOUNG.

The Emergence of a Past

I HAVE just been rummaging through some essays that are a thousand years old: they are about American literature, and were published in 1914. Those were the days when a young publisher named Mitchell Kennerley discovered a promising young writer almost every month, when The Masses made the social revolution seem rather more gay than the balls in Webster Hall which still hang over from that period, when, in short, the galaxy of figures that have dominated American letters during the last decade were shuffling timidly forward on the stage. It seems impossible that so much that is significant in our life and our literature should have happened in ten short years; yet these essays on Literature and Insurgency with their happy belief in the rightness and inevitability of pioneer America, with their strident platitudes about life and big business and social inequality, with their discussion of literature in terms of the most raw and puerile sort of social consciousness, reflected the dominant mood of that period. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's Mark Twain had still to be written; and Mr. Waldo Frank had still to find Our America. Literature had become a sort of vast mental eructation which vented the platitudes, the complacencies, the sweetnesses that had lain so heavily on our stomach. The shadow of the muckrake cast itself over the novel, and sophisticated juveniles, men like Jack London, David Graham Phillips, and Robert Chambers reflected the contents of the American mind.

Who were the lights of literature, whose muddy beams the author of Literature and Insurgency sought to analyze? The list looks as quaint as a fashion-plate of 1880: Mark Twain, Henry James, and William Dean Howells represented the established past, whilst the forces of insurgency, or at least the names that called for insurgent criticism, were David Graham Phillips, Stewart Edward White, Winston Churchill, Mrs. Atherton, and Robert W. Chambers. The earnest Frank Norris was also in this gallery. Norris, a writer of great conceptions and insufficient means, a Don Quixote on a dray-horse, who divined what the task and responsibility of the great artist was, but, alas! had not greatness within himself. The author of Ethan Frome is here, too: but the critic dismisses Mrs. Wharton's masterpiece with a wave of the hand, and looks upon her

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novels, characteristically, as imperfect essays in social diagnosis. The picture of Mrs. Wharton, paged between Mr. Churchill and Mrs. Atherton, reminds one sublimely of the flight of time, and the limitations of human judgment!

Of all the younger novelists that were in harness during this period, the principal survivor will, it seems pretty sure, be Mr. Theodore Dreiser; and he is not so much as mentioned, although in all the minor qualifications except hearty social convictions he belongs among the writers of that period, and, by sheer energy of documentation, rises above them. Mr. Cabell, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Frost, Mr. E. A. Robinson, these writers were outside the circle of Literature and Insurgency, and for all the effect they had upon the mind of this particular critic—and I suspect upon the consciousness of a much wider circle—they might have written in a foreign language. In truth, the men who were neglected in 1914 did write in a foreign language; for at least two of them had roots in a genuine culture, and were capable of tragedy and satire, those qualities which arise only in a state of literary and spiritual maturity. As for the popular writers, they were almost all, fatally, newspaper men: they lived for and were conscious only of the day.

Justly considered, the popular novels of that earlier period were not human stories at all: they were exposures and "beats" which rounded out in fiction the news that flamed in the headlines. They dealt with the corruptions of politics, as in Mr. Crewe's Career, with the peccadilloes of "society," as in The Younger Set, with the brutal indecencies of the stockyards or with the social problems of the modern home. These themes are not unknown, I confess, in the literature of this latter decade; but they do not dominate it and floor it, as they once did, and if they emerge valiantly in the novels of Mr. Sinclair Lewis it is for the more refined purposes of caricature and satire. None of these antebellum novelists knew how to set his pictures in a great frame; none of them created types like a Bumble or a Newcome, or even a Babbitt, which remain permanent images in the mind: even when they sought to create a Titan, he proved no more heroic than a dinosaur. The fact is that these novelists had no point of literary reference except the daily newspaper. In a cultural sense, they were groundless, roofless, homeless; at second or sixth hand they derived, perhaps, from Zola or Charles Reade; but the only past they reacted to was that which had just preceded them—and they sought to escape it.

In our attitude toward history, lies, I think, the great change between the present generation and that which was wound in the toils of muckraking and pseudo-social criticism. As a community, we Americans have always had an infirm sense of history: to us, the past is simply the immediate precursor of the present; it is something we are outliving or sloughing off or getting beyond; that is, something almost disreputable, or at least indiscreet. It has taken us a long time to assimilate the notion by which every real culture lives and flourishes—that the past is a state to conserve, that it is a reservoir from which we can replenish our own emptiness, that, so far from being the ever-vanishing moment, it is the abiding heritage in a community's life. Establishing its own special relations with its past, each generation creates anew what lies behind it, as well as what looms in front; and instead of being victimized by those forces which are uppermost at the moment, it gains the ability to select the qualities which it values, and by exercising them it rectifies its own infirmities and weaknesses. "Valuing is creating: hear it, ye creating ones!"

Today, it seems to me, we have begun to recover the past in something more than a fugitive sense: we recognize a genuine classic age in American literature, and see that Mark Twain, Howells, and James, and the America that warped and manhandled these writers, are not the permanent sources of our spiritual being at all. For a writer of the last generation American literature began with these men: for us, on the other hand, they are the afterglow of a far more brilliant sunset, they are a darkening and a fading of the light which the great writers of the forties had kindled in the skies. The true sources of our mythic past are Emerson, Whitman, Melville, Thoreau, and Hawthorne; and it is their America, poor and provincial in its material resources, to which we must go back for sustenance, and, in particular for that tragic sense of life which, beyond anything else perhaps, is what we miss in our own day. These writers had conceived a mold for the mind that no later generation has begun to fill; beside them, Bierce or Crane or Norris or Dreiser is jejune—and frequently callow.

Alas! for the young men of the seventies. They were too crippled by the Civil War and too beset by the fatuous industrial optimism of the Gilded Age to receive any light or leading from the generation that had preceded them. Yet if only they had! The Howells who might have embraced Whitman would not have written under the pallid shadow of Jane Austen: the James who might through Melville have come into contact with the living prose of the seventeenth century might not so easily have lost himself in a finicky arabesque: the Mark Twain who might have shared Emerson's confidence in an intellectual aristocracy would not have rejoiced in the crass pragmatism of his Connecticut Yankee, nor so easily, when the divinity of Connecticut Yankees became incredible, have despaired of the whole human race! Perhaps it was necessary, however, for the physical America of the classic age to disappear before we could see the spiritual reality it had left behind.

The revaluation of the past has not merely stimulated present-day criticism; it has thickened our intellectual atmosphere and provided a "moral climate" in which the poet and the novelist can more easily work. I do not mean by this to say that Mr. Sandburg can fill Walt Whitman's books, or that Mr. Anderson's explorations of the psyche are consciously guided by the mordant pen of Hawthorne. It is quite enough that, standing aside, we should be conscious of these real beginnings, and, as the saying is, "see the connection"; that we should have removed the gingerbread gods bequeathed to us by the schoolmarm, and have found, instead, what marble and ivory are like. It will perhaps be a little while before the active effect of our classic age can be felt in American literature; but the same mood which draws us back to the forties makes us welcome the finer talents of our own day. To smell in imagination the Concord of Farmer Bull, is to savor more poignantly the dry snowy taste of Frost's New England; to know the Salem of the Seven Gables is to be better prepared for Tillbury Town; and to have walked the shores of fish-shaped Paumanok is to be miles nearer the heart of that raw and ravenous Middle West where Carl Sandburg brokenly sings. Indeed, this commerce with a "useable past," as Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has so often called it, works both ways: did not Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay prepare us to recover Emily Dickinson?

We have still to fill in the outlines of our Classic Age. We have still to grow to the stature where another Emerson or another Whitman will be possible; but as we return to our past, as we cherish it, as we find within it "the semen of centuries," our separate experiments will not seem so feeble and hopeless—for they, too, may be worthy of a posterity.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Lee as a Supreme Commander

SIR: Mr. H. J. Eckenrode, in his review of General Maurice's book on Robert E. Lee, questions the author's designation of Lee as a general of rank with Hannibal, Cæsar, and others in Napoleon's Hall of Fame, basing his doubt upon what he terms "Lee's great mistake," namely, the abandoning of Vicksburg to its fate and staking all on chances of a victory at Gettysburg. The reviewer seems to have the idea that General Lee was at that time in command of all Confederate military forces, which is erroneous, as a more careful reading of General Maurice's book (which he is considering in the review) will fully reveal.

Lee acted as military adviser to President Davis in 1861 until sent to Western Virginia, and therefore was not at the first battle at Manassas. (See pages 65 and 71.)

Again in 1862, after serving along the southeastern coast, Lee was in direction of military operations from Richmond from March 13 until June 1. (See pages 92, 97, 98, 100 and 104.) During this time Jackson's wonderful campaign in the Valley occurred.

From June 1, 1862, when Lee assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia (when Johnson was wounded) he commanded the military forces in only a limited area of the Confederacy. General Maurice, on page 192, criticized the lack of a unified command, caused by the absence of a capable military adviser at Richmond. On page 266 General Maurice quotes from a letter General Lee wrote President Davis reiterating his refusal to assume general command of all armies in the field while retaining immediate direction of his own forces. In the closing days of the Confederacy (in 1865) Lee was appointed commander-in-chief to stimulate public confidence, but nothing could then have been accomplished.

If General Maurice had been writing a history of the Confederate War, he would have been guilty of serious error in ignoring the operations in the West, but he was only considering General Lee as a soldier, and he would have been equally as guilty if he had formed a judgment of Lee based upon operations elsewhere with which Lee had little to do.

Mr. Eckenrode's questioning of Lee's military genius needs little refutation, when there are so many Northern and foreign critics, not to include Southern historians, who place him exceedingly high. Colonel Livermore called him the "greatest general of the day," while the late Theodore Roosevelt ranked him as the "greatest of all the great captains that the English speaking people have brought forth." Foreign critics, Lord Wolseley, von Moltke, Captain Battine, and Colonel Henderson, not to include General Maurice himself, likewise have ranked him among the famous few military leaders in the world's history.

HENRY R. SIMS.

Orangeburg, S. C.

SIR: In reply to Mr. Sims's letter, I would say that I am well aware that Lee did not have command of all the Confederate forces. He did, however, largely control the strategic objective of his own army, and this is the whole point of the matter. Mr. Sims seems to think that Lee was ordered by his government to invade Pennsylvania. Such was not the case. He proposed the invasion, and the government agreed to the plan, rather reluctantly.

In May, 1863, the government knew that something had to be done, but it had no special preference for the movement into Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, Secretary of War Seddon proposed to send Pickett's division to the relief of Vicksburg. Lee protested against this, and President Davis directed Seddon to abandon the idea. On May 15, Lee came to Richmond to consult Davis and it was then that the Pennsylvania expedition was tentatively agreed on, and because of Lee's views. Davis, however, was so disquieted by the situation at Vicksburg that he would not assume the full responsibility for the invasion of Pennsylvania; he held a cabinet meeting on May 26, at which the invasion was finally sanctioned, apparently because of Lee's attitude on the subject.

That the government would have sanctioned a move on Lee's part for the relief of Vicksburg as readily as the advance into Pennsylvania is evident from its subsequent course. In September, 1863, Davis sent Longstreet to the aid of the West, though Lee did not approve of it, and later, much worried about the condition of affairs in that section, he asked Lee to go there and take command. But Lee refused. In other words, there was nothing to prevent Lee in June, 1863, from going West or sending a part of his army there, if he had desired to do so.

I think that Lee made a mistake in not going to the relief of Vicksburg, and I am not alone in that opinion. General D. H. Hill, one of the best officers in the Confederate army, thus writes in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, 3, 639:

> A corps could have been sent to General Joe Johnston, Grant could have been crushed, and Vicksburg, "the heart of the Confederacy," could have been saved. The drums that beat for the advance into Pennsylvania seemed to many of us to be beating the funeral march of the dead Confederacy.

I do not doubt that Lee was a great general; what I doubt was that he belongs in the group of supreme commanders to which Maurice would admit him. My views were stated at greater length in my review of the same book in the New York Sun. If Mr. Sims would have my full view of the case, however, I refer him to my Jefferson Davis (N. Y., 1923), in which the relations of the Confederate government with the various generals are discussed in considerable detail.

H. J. ECKENRODE.

Richmond, Va.

Jazz Good and Bad

SIR: With your latest book number in my pocket, I returned to do a bit of repairing. In the course of my work I had to reverse the saw and work from instead of to; as the jagged rhythm ate into the wood, I found in my mind an echo: "Collegiate, collegiate!. . . . Yes, we are collegiate! . . . . Alpha, Beta! . . . . Gamma, Delta, Theta!" Jazz, one of the most proceleusmatic of all jazz tunes!

Jazz, I assured myself, is the rhythm of modern industry, and modern industry is true industry reversed, even as my saw is reversed. If I saw toward myself in the natural way, the rhythm will become regular and I may whistle, as I often have whistled, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!" That would represent the rhythm of work done in the spirit of true craftsmanship. But reverse it, jazz it up, do the work for the money not for the work, and the rhythm becomes syncopated.

Tired and content, I sat down after supper to read the New Republic. I found Mr. Waldo Frank writing:

> Jazz syncopates the lathe-lunge, jazz shatters the piston-thrust, jazz shreds the hum of the wheels, jazz is the spark and sudden lilt centrifugal to their incessant pulse. . . . . It is the machine itself! . . . . It is the music of a revolt that fails.

Almost!

Mr. Frank calls it the comedy of commerce, conjured up to mask the tragedy of industrialism. He talks of Tragedy and Comedy as if these were not among the casualties of the War, as if the day of Tragedy and Comedy as discrete forms had not ended November 11, 1918, or thereabouts. It would seem that Mr. Frank is still living in the day of the phaeton and the giants of the stage, not in the age of the automobile and "Prancing Nigger." He says of jazz that it is "a moment's gaiety, after which the spirit droops, cheated and unnurtured." Does he not mean poor music in general, not jazz as a whole? Good jazz is good music, and in it one can hear the terrible throb of what used to be called tragedy until both tragedy and comedy melted into reality.

I suggest Mr. Frank distinguish between good and bad jazz just as he distinguishes between good and bad music. If he does, I am bold to predict that he will reverse his opinion that jazz "is the music of a revolt that fails." Jazz, the ecstasy of the reverse, the musical voice that protests against the spirit of dead routine, that expresses the agony of a spirit denied an outlet in honest craftsmanship, will yet dissolve the heart of joyless labor in its magic solution of gay tears. We are just beginning to discover good jazz.

ARNOLD JOHNSON.

Los Angeles, Cal.

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Why an Ambassador?

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. Vol. III, by Burton J. Hendrick. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 440 pages. $5.

THE third volume of the Life and Letters of Walter H. Page is based upon his letters during his ambassadorship to Great Britain to President Wilson. Mr. Hendrick by comment and exposition weaves the letters into a coherent narrative of the progress of events (so far as they were known to Mr. Page) by which the United States became involved in the world conflict. He gives, for example, a full account of the Zimmermann note to Mexico, and its interception at four points by the British Secret Service. An important part of the history of the War has already been written by ambassadors, by M. Louis and M. Paléologue for France, by Prince Lichnowsky for Germany; by Mr. Gerard for the United States. This volume completes Mr. Page's contribution.

For those who hoped to find in the completed correspondence of Page and Wilson any new light on the circumstances of the participation of the United States in the World War the volume is a disappointment. The key to that participation is the change of mind on the part of President Wilson, from the time when he enjoined neutrality in thought and word as well as in deed, when he declared that with the causes and objects of the War the United States had no concern, when he asserted that the outcome of the War must be peace without victory, to that in which he declared that the United States was at war to "make the world safe for democracy." But of the process which brought about this change the present volume contains little direct evidence. For this failure neither Mr. Page nor his biographer is responsible. Mr. Wilson seldom replied to Page's letters; during the period when his ambassador and he were pursuing diametrically opposite ends he apparently did not read them, merely referred them in bulk to Colonel House. That Page should have continued to write in an intimate, confidential tone shows a certain naïveté of mind and also steadiness of faith and purpose.

Page's position rested frankly on the belief that to Germany belonged the sole guilt of the War. As his biographer remarks it must have been a profound satisfaction to him to find Wilson adopting that belief as the basis for American participation, in his reply to the Pope in August 1917. "The object of the war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment, controlled by an irresponsible government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practices and long cherished principles of international action and honor, which chose its own time for the war, delivered its blow fiercely and suddenly; stopped at no barrier, either of law or mercy," etc. That Page should have adopted this point of view under the influence of his British environment, and of British statesmen whom he trusted with a childlike faith, is easy to understand. Holding it he undertook reluctantly, with a heavy heart and many protests to Washington, his task of securing the rights of American citizens as neutrals against the British blockade. When opportunity occurred, as in the case of the Dacia, he actually advised the British Foreign Office of the means to secure the detention of this America-owned craft without affronting public opinion in the United States. Doubtless if he thought at all of the elementary fact that he was the Ambassador of the United States to uphold the rights of his countrymen, he dismissed it in obedience to the higher law. Feeling as he did that the cause of civilization was bound up with the success of the Allies he considered it his highest duty to support the British plan of starving Germany into submission, and to bring his own country into the War on the side of the Allies. That by virtue of the play of forces beyond his sphere of influence events fell out as he wished, was his great good-fortune. Once Great Britain and the United States were united against a common enemy, all that Page had done in anticipation of that result to pave the way for their coöperation became part of the War record of which we are proud, an extenuating circumstance in the case against our long neutrality. The ground on which Wilson ultimately based our participation in the War existed in 1914 as in 1917. That Page hoisted his standard on the moral heights to which Wilson and his countrymen after long years finally attained seemed something beyond mere diplomacy—it was leadership and prophecy.

That Page's biographer should identify himself so completely with this point of view is less comprehensible. Mr. Hendrick accepts the picture of the neutrality of the United States as Page saw it. He quotes Sir Edward Grey as saying: "Germany and Austria were self-supporting in the high supply of munitions. The Allies soon became dependent for an adequate supply on the United States." On the other hand: "The uninterrupted transmission of essential war supplies from America to neutral ports whence they could quickly be sent to Germany, was becoming more essential to German success." Yet with the trade in the first practically uninterrupted, and the trade in the second greatly interfered with by the Allied blockade, Mr. Hendrick complains: "In practically every question since 1914 the inevitable effect of the American attitude was to make things easier for Germany and more difficult for Great Britain."

Moreover, since Page's death we have learned certain things about the War. We have learned in extenuation of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia that the assassination of the Archduke was plotted by members of the Serbian government. We have learned that France had laid plans for the War in collusion with Russia long in advance, and that Great Britain was in effect committed to them. We have learned that the overt act of mobilization was Russia's, and that in the scale of responsibility for the actual outbreak Germany stands next to England in seeking its avoidance. Of course Page knew none of these things, and his biographer lets his ignorance stand in the record as if it were final. Again, we have learned that the objects of the War, so eloquently put forth by Wilson, were contradicted by the secret treaties among the Allies. In an earlier volume Mr. Hendrick asserts that Mr. Balfour, on his visit to Washington in May 1917, fully explained the secret treaties to the President. The implication is that Page knew that Balfour had made this communication. Even so it is permitted to ask why amid all the trivial chatter which he poured out to Wilson, he did not deal with this matter of supreme importance. If Page did not know of the existence of these treaties, what becomes of his confidential relations with Sir Edward Grey, thus described by Mr. Hendrick: "They told each other the truth, revealed all the facts they possessed, and discussed all possible solutions. They were not two wily mediævalists; they were merely two twentieth-century gentlemen attempting to find the way of honor and justice by the use of that straightforwardness and honesty and common sense with which nature had en-

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dowed them?" Mr. Hendrick does no service to his hero in suppressing all treatment of this phase of Page's ambassadorship. The unhappy conclusion to which we are forced is that Page was part of that conspiracy of wilful ignorance in regard to the purposes of the Allies which was a greater betrayal of his countrymen than the Dacia affair. If there was danger that they were to be led to fight and die for the secret treaties, they should have been warned of the facts which Page knew or should have known.

Naïve is the word which most aptly describes Page's habit of mind. He was immensely impressed with the English reception of himself, and inordinately flattered by the attention shown him by the King, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, and others. When his desire was fulfilled and he could openly take his place as their ally his joy was exuberant. "The secretaries in the Embassy have a joke among themselves—that the Ambassador has become a member of the government without portfolio." He tried patiently to infect his correspondent with his enthusiasm. Of Lloyd George he wrote in a strain which today becomes ironical. "His extraordinary attitude to me comes of his admiration for you and from his wish to have you at the conference that will make peace." Naïve is likewise the word which best describes the attitude of his biographer. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Hendrick could ever have reflected on the function and responsibilities of a foreign mission or entertained a suspicion that an ambassador who uses his position to draw his country into war is in any way comparable to the general who betrays his country to defeat. One surmises that in committing himself so unreservedly to the view of Page's action made popular by subsequent events Mr. Hendrick may have unconsciously done some injustice to his subject. And naïve is again the word to describe the mood in which Page's record is read by his fellow-countrymen. The War is now one of our vested interests; whatever our disillusionment with respect to its European origins, our own part in it is, beyond question or cavil, glorious, and the man who helped us to this consummation is one of our national heroes..

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Tough Earth

In Our Time: Stories by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

HEMINGWAY'S short stories belong with cubist painting, Le Sacre du Printemps, and other recent work bringing a feeling of positive forces through primitive modern idiom. The use of the direct, crude, rudimentary forms of the simple and primitive classes and their situations, of the stuffs, textures and rhythms of the mechanical and industrial worlds, has enabled this new American story teller, as it enabled the group to which he comes a fresh recruit, to achieve peculiarly sharp, decided, grimly affirmative expressions; and with these acute depictions and half-impersonal beats to satisfy a spirit running through the age. Hemingway's spoken prose is characteristically iron with a lyricism, aliveness and energy tremendously held in check. With the trip-hammer thud of Le Sacre his rhythms go. Emphatic, short, declarative sentences follow staunchly one upon the other, never precipitously or congestedly or mechanically, and never relenting. The stubby verbal forms are speeded in instances up to the brute, rapid, joyous jab of blunt period upon period. Hemingway's vocabulary is largely monosyllabic, and mechanical and concrete. Mixed with the common words, raw and pithy terms picked from the vernaculars of boys, jockeys, hunters, policemen, soldiers, and obscurely related to primitive impulse and primitive sex, further increase the rigidity of effect. There is something of Sherwood Anderson, of his fine bare effects and values coined from simplest words, in Hemingway's clear medium. There is Gertrude Stein equally obvious: her massive volumes, slow power, steady reiterations, and her intuition of the life of headless bodies. The American literary generations are learning to build upon each other. This newcomer's prose departs from the kindred literary mediums as a youngling from forebears. Wanting some of the warmth of Anderson and some of the pathos of Gertrude Stein, Hemingway's style none the less in its very experimental stage shows the outline of a new, tough, severe and satisfying beauty related equally to the world of machinery and the austerity of the red man.

It comes on the general errand of the group, the realization of a picture of the elements of life caught in barest, intensest opposition. In the world of Hemingway's stories, characters and principles are boxers crouched and proposing fists. Stocky rudimentary passions wrestle for a throw. The sport of the two youths snowshoeing in high Alps is brusquely, casually interrupted by consciousness of pregnancy and the responsibility seeking out the man. A lad sees his sensitive father beset by the active brutality of men and the passive brutality of women. Inside the hotel room in the rain male and female face each other for a swift passage of their eternal warfare. The sheer unfeeling barbarity of life, and the elementary humor and tenderness lying close upon it, is a favorite theme. The amazing single pages previously assembled in a booklet by the Three Mountains Press in Paris, sandwiched between the longer stories in the Liveright volume and connecting these with the doings of an epoch, bring dangerously close in instantaneous pictures of the War, of the bull-ring and the police-world, the excitement of combat, the cold ferocity of the mob, the insensibility of soldiering, the relief of nerves in alcoholic stupor, the naked, the mean, the comic brute in the human frame. Against these principles, set invariably in crude, simple, passionate opposition, the author plays the more constructive elements. We feel the absorption and fine helpfulness of the handicapped doctor performing a Cæsarean operation with a jack-knife and releasing a child; the tender, subtle feeling for woman's life found among certain of the ordinary people of Europe; the enjoyment of the body in the physical play of life; the seriousness in the young man making him accept responsibility and automatically limit his narcissistic impulse to freedom. And both these forces and the uglier ones are given sharp physiognomies by the dramatic counterpoint; and what certain of them owe Sherwood Anderson is made good by the personal intensification of the passionate opposition between them.

There is little analysis in this narrative art. We are given chiefly, at times with marvelous freshness and crispness, what the eye sees and the ear hears. The conflicting principles are boldly established without psychologizings. Yet Hemingway's acceptation of the æsthetic responsibility of getting his material into action in instances remains near gesturing. His units are not brought into actual opposition in all his pieces. Or, formally introduced, they remain at inadequate degrees of tension, while a youthfully insolent sense of the stereotype in life blinds the author. Soldier's Home is one of Hemingway's forms half left in the limbo of the stencil. The happy relief to this and other incompleted pieces is furnished by stories like Cat in the Rain, Indian Camp, and My Old Man. In these, plastic ele-

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ments accurately felt are opposed point against point, and a whole brought into view. It is a whole this newcomer has to show. It is one from which the many beauties of his book are fetched. He shares his epoch's feeling of a harsh impersonal force in the universe, permanent, not to be changed, taking both destruction and construction up into itself and set in motion by their dialectic. With the blood and pain, he makes us know the toughness of the earth, able to meet desire, nourish life, and waken in man the power to meet the brutalities of existence. This bald feeling is the condition of an adjustment to life begun in men before the War, but demanded even more intensely of them by its ghastlier train, and natural at all times to the products of primitive America. Through it men are reconciled to perpetual struggle, and while holding themselves tight work in relation to something in the universe. This adjustment is not the sole possible one. It is not necessarily the one of next year or of the year to follow, for any. But it had and still has its reality; and the rhythms, and tempi which communicate it share in its permanence.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Metaphysical Music

Those Not Elect, by Léonie Adams. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

AT a time when most of the young women who write poetry are sharpening their technique until their verse is almost all edge and glitter, the rounded indefiniteness of Miss Adams's poems must be as surprising as was her suddenly disclosed distinction when April Mortality appeared in the New Republic—with which poem, incidentally, Miss Adams made her début in print. Hers is a voice that makes one pause at the first sound of its low tones even though the range is limited and the words she sings are sometimes difficult to catch. Here is an accent which is as sensitive as it is strange, a register that seems to tremble with certain Elizabethan echoes but which vibrates with a lyric passion that proceeds from no other century but our own. Miss Adams is, as even the simplest of her poems reveals, a metaphysical poet; her most candidly declared descriptions blossom suddenly in an unearthly and intensified air. Even her statements of a landscape, or the performance of a tragedy, or a natural law are translated into lines which are both pure and suggestive, lines as undramatic and yet as startling as:

> And all the pointed grass was still
> And drank the light till light brimmed even.
>
> . . .
>
> The moon, that word for brightness, stares
> Off the black, bitter peak of night.
>
> . . .
>
> O bosom carven upon the roses and pleasures,
> Heaven cannot unlock your passions and your mirth.

Miss Adams, as I have already implied, knows her metaphysical poets; it is evident that she has much in common with Herbert, Crashaw and the earlier Skelton. But the expression of her spirit, sometimes sparse, more often allusive, is fastidiously her own.

> The morning like a rose began,
> Rosy and drowsy grows the day;
> Its peace will fold the heart away,
> Whose thoughts like lambs in pastures ran
> Within a bell's call all the day.

There is here, for all the restraint of utterance, a richness of emotion in the poet's very withdrawal from reality. This warmth so sensuous and yet so spiritual, is manifest on all these fifty pages, most apparent, perhaps, in the title poem, in the slow music of Midsummer, in the desperate clairvoyance of Bird and Bosom, in the last eight lines of Thought's End, in the younger but curiously individualized April Mortality.

> And if thou dreamest to have won
> Some touch of her in permanence,
> 'Tis the old cheating of the sun,
> The intricate lovely play of sense.

Such lines tempt one to the applause of finalities—a temptation strengthened by the cumulative fineness of Miss Adams's verse. But finalities, particularly in the case of a first volume, are hazardous. One waits, with something greater than curiosity, for the successor to Those Not Elect. Meanwhile, it is almost enough to say that even where Miss Adams is least successful she fails on a high plane and that, among the "emerging" lyricists none leads us to expect—and demand—more.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The World of the Incas

The World of the Incas, by Alfred Von Hanstein, New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 189 pages. $2.50.

KEATS looked into Chapman's Homer and the resulting kick is deathless. Your reviewer looked into Prescott's Conquest of Peru and remained, as befitted him, mute; but he felt as though he had been felled by a mule. The vision of a nation, ten millions strong, spread along the spine of the Andes, from which poverty and want had been relentlessly banished; which looked on gold as we look on steel—without pathological yearnings; which flung its great roads from one mountain flank to the next; whose vast reservoir granaries balanced the lean years with the fat; which terraced, tunnelled and irrigated as perhaps no people has done before or since—to one with collectivist leanings, here was Utopia brushing earth. Was this indeed history—or Sir Thomas More?

And there the question more or less remains. Herr Von Hanstein does nothing whatever to clear the mystery. His account is windier, more incompletely documented, and, in translation at least, infinitely worse written than Prescott's. He apparently swallows as serious fact, the patent mythology of the first Inca and the founding of the dynasty. He gets his emotions all tangled up with his text, and, according to the state of his liver, one suspects, alternately calls Peru paradise, or the servile state. Where is this envied German scholarship and thoroughness? This book might have been written by a romantic schoolmarm in the late Confederacy. (If such pseudo-history can come out of Prussia, poetry may yet come out of Arkansas.)

So the job of unweaving Inca myth from Inca fact remains to be done. Enough accredited facts are known to make it clear that this indigenous American civilization was one of the most artistic, the most humane, the most intelligent which the world has ever seen. That it should have been smashed and gutted by barbarians with a cross in one hand and a matchlock in the other, remains one of the greatest tragedies of history. Of the descent of these swine, Prescott has given us a monumental account, but of the fair civilization which they uprooted and destroyed, the tale and the compass is still to be told.

STUART CHASE.

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New Physics and Old Politics

New Aspects of Politics, by Charles E. Merriam. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 253 pages. $2.50.

IT is the purpose of this book, Mr. Merriam says, to "suggest certain possibilities of approach" to a more scientific method in the "study and practice of government." He finds those possibilities in the use of knowledge concerning the history and behavior of the human animal accumulated in sciences such as psychology, anthropology, geography and bio-chemistry. He wants that knowledge brought to bear upon the objectives of politics, summarized as: "I. The elimination of waste in political action. II. The release of political possibilities in human nature" (p. vii). He accomplishes admirably the task of suggestion which he sets for himself.

In two succinct chapters, the clarification and broadening of recent political thinking are described. After that, more specifically, Mr. Merriam indicates the use which students of political action can make of an extended psychology, of quantitative methods in fact finding, and of present hypotheses respecting heredity and environment. However, since we must live while we learn, he advises better organization of "prudence," of those shrewd, empirical judgments which may serve as temporary substitutes for data quantitatively measured.

For the special problem of urban administration he outlines a program of research, and concludes with the statement of his faith in scientific method which goes the length of suggesting controlled experiments in political behavior.

All this is authoritative, illuminating and courageous. One question, however, is left in suspense, partly perhaps because no very clear distinction is made between the study of government and its practice. This question is stated thus: "If we obtain complete control over the physical and psychical and social structure of the individual or the group, as we probably shall, what use shall we make of the power?" (p. 160).

One suspects that Mr. Merriam does not really face this difficulty, in spite of his pointing out that the neglect of it would be calamitous. In this book, at least, he seems to think of politics as not only a branch of knowledge for which quantitative fact finding is woefully needed but also as a phase of human behavior whose objectives those same scientific data can determine. This is slightly unsatisfactory, even to the reader who does not anticipate the complete prostitution of scientific control in the hands of vulgar self-seekers—as does Bertrand Russell, for example, in his recent Icarus.

The most subtle problem for man as a political animal is not the achievement of his purposes but their evaluation. The political scientist protests that he is aware of that, but he lessens our belief in his awareness when he dismisses all political action preceding the present "scientific era" by condemning the means employed without examining at all the values which were sought and—possibly—realized. Mr. Merriam says that he wishes to suggest a more scientific approach to the study "and practice" of government. Leaving aside entirely the question as to how scientific in an absolute sense are the instruments of control he proposes, "education and eugenics" (p. 19), there remains the doubt as to how much science can really contribute to the determination of political objectives.

With quite unnecessary modesty, Mr. Merriam says that, "It is not important or desirable that the political scientists should govern the world, but it is fundamental that they be heard before decisions are made on broad issues, and that the scientific spirit be found in the governors and the governed as well" (p. 232). Here, in seeming to ask very little, he is in fact asking a great deal too much. The essential scientific spirit, the completely disinterested openness to demonstrable truth, is rare enough even among professional scientists. To suppose that it can ever be the common possession of mankind, or their governors, is either an abuse of terms or a most unscientific optimism.

When political thought, undermined by such interpretations of phenomena as the theory of evolution, passed out of the stage of profound faith in the status quo, it rested for a time in the similarly tranquil faith in the inevitability of evolutionary advance. In that stage, quantitative political science, if it had existed, would have borne about the same relation to human conduct that geology bore. Since direction was determined, controls were not dangerous. We have now been jolted out of our belief in progress by "dead weight." We are told that the future character of the human race is in our own hands. Politics, more than ever before, faces us with questions which quantitative fact finding cannot answer.

Quantitative study is necessary; it is the only possible basis upon which we can build our systems. But, with all respect to the wisdom and clear-sighted learning of the scientists, of whom Mr. Merriam is a distinguished example, we can still insist that the "Rousseaus and Tolstoys and Nietzsches" whom he dismisses as defenders of "those who have or seek power in new forms" (p. 236), will be more than inevitable. They will be necessary. Philosophy and religion and art, and those phases of "metapolitics" which the scientist wishes to banish as the resources of obscurantism, can patiently await their recurring importance. They provide the criteria of valuation by which, when man once gets the instrument of scientific control into his hands, he can decide what he is going to do with it.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Page the Law of Averages

The Problems of Modern Music, by Adolf Weissmann. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 244 pages. $2.50.

THE history of music is curiously defective, for the art has no worthy present to match its short but brilliant past. One cannot write of music in our day as one writes of the last century—in terms of great personalities. Who are our great personalities? The leaders of modern music are unable to establish themselves. They continually disconcert even their friends with bad music, while their earlier compositions which distinguished them in the public eye suffer horribly from swift decay.

It is not surprising therefore to find that Professor Weissmann's study of "modern" music is pitched a generation back of where it ought to be. Stravinsky, Ravel, Honegger, Milhaud, Ornstein, Casella, Malipiero, Krenek, Hindemith, Bax, Bliss, and other musicians of the present are given but passing glance, while the author's serious attention is directed at such old boys as Bruckner, Pfitzner, Mahler, Strauss, Reger, Debussy, Delius, and even Wagner. Schönberg alone of the surrently active composers is considered as carefully as he deserves.

Professor Weissmann's opinion of the status of music is summarized in his conclusion concerning this composer: "The evidence suggests that his art springs from an imagination injured and finally crippled by too much theory."

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ALEXANDER FRIED.

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The English Comic Characters, by J. B. Priestley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 276 pages. $2.50.

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D. B. W.

Contributors

LARUE BROWN is a Boston lawyer. He was Assistant Attorney General of the United States during the War, and later, General Solicitor of the U. S. Railroad Administration.

PAUL ROSENFELD, critic of life and music, is the author of Musical Portraits, Men Seen, and other works.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER has written and edited several volumes of verse.

ALEXANDER FRIED is managing editor of The Musical Digest.

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